

THOMAS HARDY'S WORKS

VOLUME XVIII.

WESSEX POEMS





"At mothy curfew-tide
They've a way of whispering to me."
—*Friends Beyond*, p. 155

Wessex Poems

And Other Verses

BY

THOMAS HARDY

WITH THIRTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1903

All rights reserved

First Edition, 1898. New Edition, 1903

P R E F A C E

O F the miscellaneous collection of verse that follows, only four pieces have been published, though many were written long ago, and others partly written. In some few cases the verses were turned into prose and printed as such, it having been unanticipated at that time that they might see the light.

Whenever an ancient and legitimate word of the district, for which there was no equivalent in received English, suggested itself as

the most natural, nearest, and often only expression of a thought, it has been made use of, on what seemed good grounds.

The pieces are in a large degree dramatic or personative in conception ; and this even where they are not obviously so.

The dates attached to some of the poems do not apply to the rough sketches given in illustration, which have been recently made, and, as may be surmised, are inserted for personal and local reasons rather than for their intrinsic qualities.

T. H.

September 1898.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE TEMPORARY THE ALL	I
AMABEL	4
HAP	7
"IN VISION I ROAMED"	9
AT A BRIDAL	11
POSTPONEMENT	13
A CONFESSION TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE	15
NEUTRAL TONES	17
SHE	19
HER INITIALS	21
HER DILEMMA	23
REVULSION	27
SHE, TO HIM, I	31
" " II	33

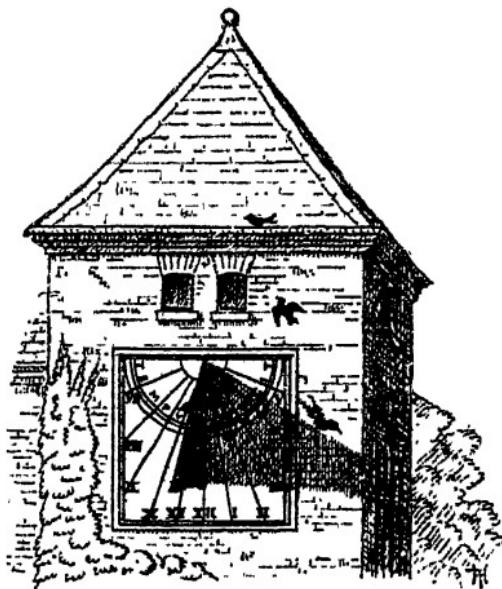
CONTENTS

	PAGE
SHE, TO HIM, III	35
" " IV	37
DITTY	39
THE SERGEANT'S SONG	43
VALENCIENNES	45
SAN SEBASTIAN	51
THE STRANGER'S SONG	59
THE BURGHERS	61
LEIPZIG	67
THE PEASANT'S CONFESSION	79
THE ALARM	91
HER DEATH AND AFTER	103
THE DANCE AT THE PHÆNIX	115
THE CASTERBRIDGE CAPTAINS	125
A SIGN-SEEKER	129
MY CICELY	133
HER IMMORTALITY	143
THE IVY-WIFE	147
A MEETING WITH DESPAIR	149
UNKNOWING	153
FRIENDS BEYOND	155
TO OUTER NATURE	159
THOUGHTS OF PH——A	163
MIDDLE-AGE ENTHUSIASMS	167
IN A WOOD	169
TO A LADY	173
TO AN ORPHAN CHILD	175
NATURE'S QUESTIONING	177

CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
THE IMPERCIPIENT	181
AT AN INN	187
THE SLOW NATURE	191
IN A EWELEAZE NEAR WEATHERBURY	195
THE FIRE AT TRANTER SWEATLEY'S	201
HEIRESS AND ARCHITECT	211
THE TWO MEN	217
LINES	223
“I LOOK INTO MY GLASS”	227



THE TEMPORARY THE ALL

CHANGE and chancefulness in my
flowering youthtime,
Set me sun by sun near to one unchosen ;
Wrought us fellowly, and despite divergence,
Friends interblent us.

"Cherish him can I while the true one forth-
come—

Come the rich fulfiller of my prevision ;
Life is roomy yet, and the odds unbounded."

So self-communed I.

Thwart my wistful way did a damsel saunter,
Fair, the while unformed to be all-eclipsing ;
"Maiden meet," held I, "till arise my forefelt
Wonder of women."

Long a visioned hermitage deep desiring,
Tenements uncouth I was fain to house in ;
"Let such lodging be for a breath-while,"
thought I,
"Soon a more seemly.

"Then, high handiwork will I make my life-
deed,
Truth and Light outshow ; but the ripe time
pending,
Intermissive aim at the thing sufficeth."
Thus I . . . But lo, me !

Mistress, friend, place, aims to be bettered
straightway,
Bettered not has Fate or my hand's achieving ;
Sole the showance those of my onward earth-
track—
Never transcended !

AMABEL

I MARKED her ruined hues,
Her custom-straitened views,
And asked, "Can there indwell
My Amabel ?"

I looked upon her gown,
Once rose, now earthen brown ;
The change was like the knell
Of Amabel.

Her step's mechanic ways
Had lost the life of May's ;
Her laugh, once sweet in swell,
Spoilt Amabel.

I mused : "Who sings the strain
I sang ere warmth did wane ?
Who thinks its numbers spell
His Amabel ?"—

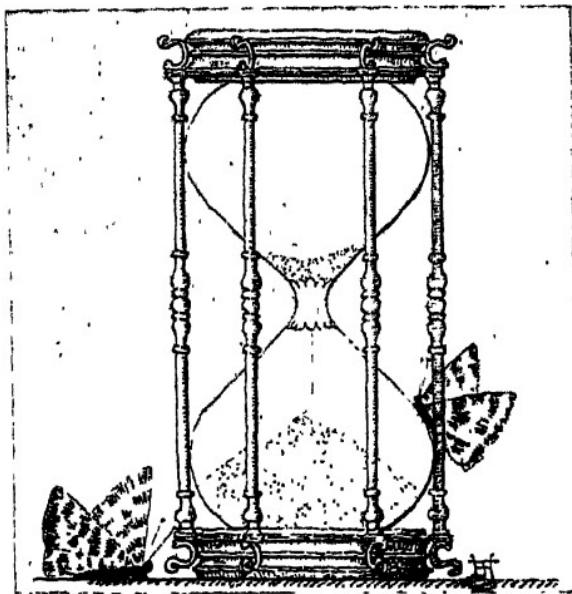
Knowing that, though Love cease,
Love's race shows undecrease ;
All find in dorp or dell
An Amabel.

—I felt that I could creep
To some housetop, and weep,
That Time the tyrant fell
Ruled Amabel !

I said (the while I sighed
That love like ours had died),
"Fond things I'll no more tell
To Amabel,

“ But leave her to her fate,
And fling across the gate,
‘Till the Last Trump, farewell,
O Amabel ! ”

1865.



H A P

I F but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh : "Thou suf-
fering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting !"

Then would I bear, and clench myself, and
die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited ;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown ?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily
strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

“IN VISION I ROAMED”

TO —

IN vision I roamed the flashing Firmament,
I So fierce in blazon that the Night waxed wan,
As though with an awed sense of such ostent ;
And as I thought my spirit ranged on and on

In footless traverse through ghast heights of sky,
To the last chambers of the monstrous Dome,
Where stars the brightest here to darkness die :
Then, any spot on our own Earth seemed
Home !

10 "IN VISION I ROAMED"

And the sick grief that you were far away
Grew pleasant thankfulness that you were near,
Who might have been, set on some outstep
sphere,
Less than a Want to me, as day by day
I lived unaware, uncaring all that lay
Locked in that Universe taciturn and drear.

1866.

AT A BRIDAL

TO ——

WHEN you paced forth, to wait maternity,

A dream of other offspring held my mind,
Compounded of us twain as Love designed ;
Rare forms, that corporate now will never be !

Should I, too, wed as slave to Mode's decree,
And each thus found apart, of false desire,
A stolid line, whom no high aims will fire
As had fired ours could ever have mingled we ;

And, grieved that lives so matched should mis-
compose,
Each mourn the double waste ; and question
dare
To the Great Dame whence incarnation flows,
Why those high-purposed children never were :
What will she answer ? That she does not
care
If the race all such sovereign types unknowns.

POSTPONEMENT

SNOW-BOUND in woodland, a mournful word,

Dropt now and then from the bill of a bird,

Reached me on wind-wafts ; and thus I heard,
Wearily waiting :—

“I planned her a nest in a leafless tree,
But the passers eyed and twitted me,
And said : ‘How reckless a bird is he,
Cheerily mating !’

“ Fear-filled, I stayed me till summer-tide,
In lewth of leaves to throne her bride ;
But alas ! her love for me waned and died,
Wearily waiting.

“ Ah, had I been like some I see,
Born to an evergreen nesting-tree,
None had eyed and twitted me,
Cheerily mating ! ”

A CONFESSION TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE

YOUR troubles shrink not, though I feel
them less
Here, far away, than when I tarried near ;
I even smile old smiles—with listlessness—
Yet smiles they are, not ghastly mockeries mere.

A thought too strange to house within my brain
Haunting its outer precincts I discern :
*—That I will not show zeal again to learn
Your griefs, and, sharing them, renew my pain. . . .*

16 CONFESSION TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE

It goes, like murky bird or buccaneer
That shapes its lawless figure on the main,
And each new impulse tends to make outfee
The unseemly instinct that had lodgment here;
Yet, comrade old, can bitterer knowledge be
Than that, though banned, such instinct was
in me !

NEUTRAL TONES

WE stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though
 hidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod,
—They had fallen from an ash, and
 were gray.

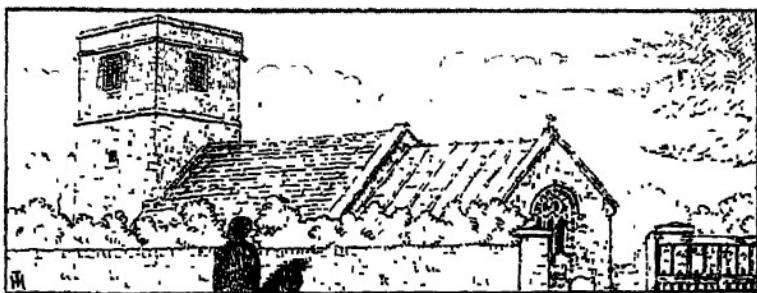
Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles solved years ago ;
And some words played between us to and
fro—

On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadliest
thing

Alive enough to have strength to die ;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing. . . .

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.



S H E

AT HIS FUNERAL

THEY bear him to his resting-place—
In slow procession sweeping by ;
I follow at a stranger's space ;
His kindred they, his sweetheart I.
Unchanged my gown of garish dye,
Though sable-sad is their attire ;
But they stand round with griefless eye,
Whilst my regret consumes like fire !



HER INITIALS

UPON a poet's page I wrote
Of old two letters of her name ;
Part seemed she of the effulgent thought
Whence that high singer's rapture came.
—When now I turn the leaf the same
Immortal light illumines the lay,
But from the letters of her name
The radiance has died away !

1869.

HER DILEMMA

(IN — CHURCH)

THE two were silent in a sunless church,
Whose mildewed walls, uneven paving-
stones,
And wasted carvings passed antique research;
And nothing broke the clock's dull mono-
tones.

Leaning against a wormy poppy-head,
So wan and worn that he could scarcely
stand,

—For he was soon to die,—he softly said,
“Tell me you love me!”—holding hard her
hand.

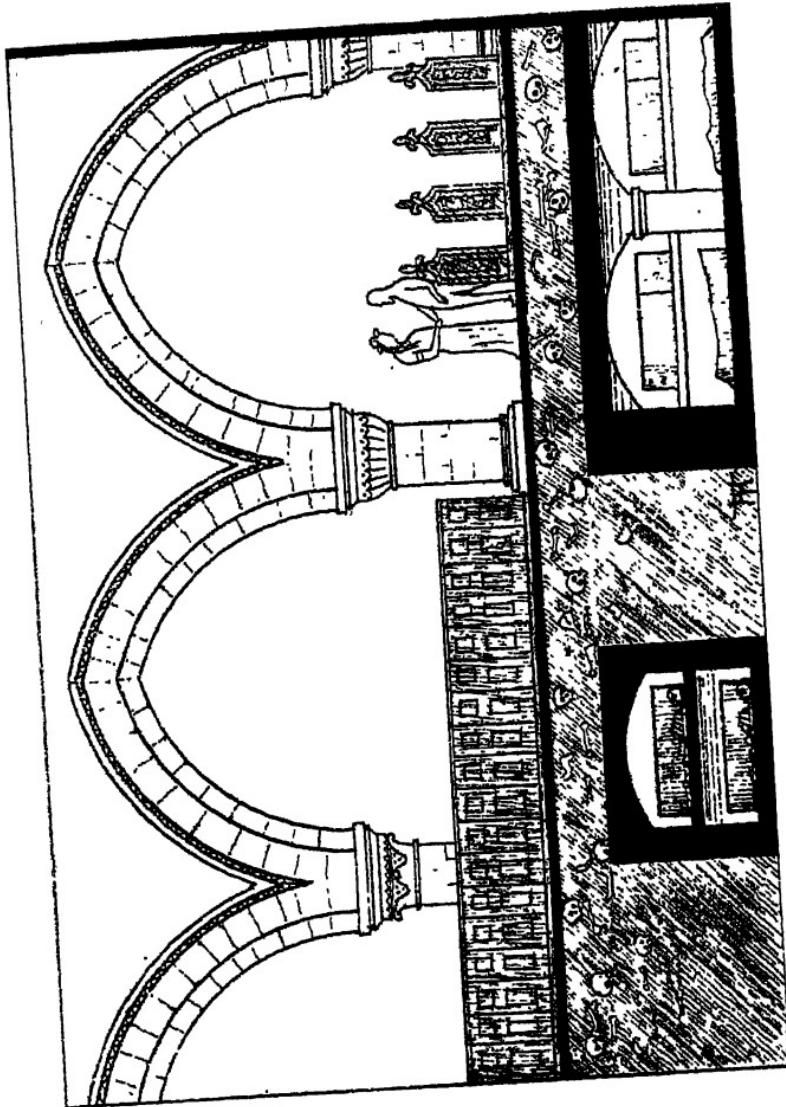
She would have given a world to breathe
“yes” truly,

So much his life seemed hanging on her
mind,

And hence she lied, her heart persuaded
throughly

’Twas worth her soul to be a moment kind.

But the sad need thercof, his nearing death,
So mocked humanity that she shamed to prize
A world conditioned thus, or care for breath
Where Nature such dilemmas could devise.



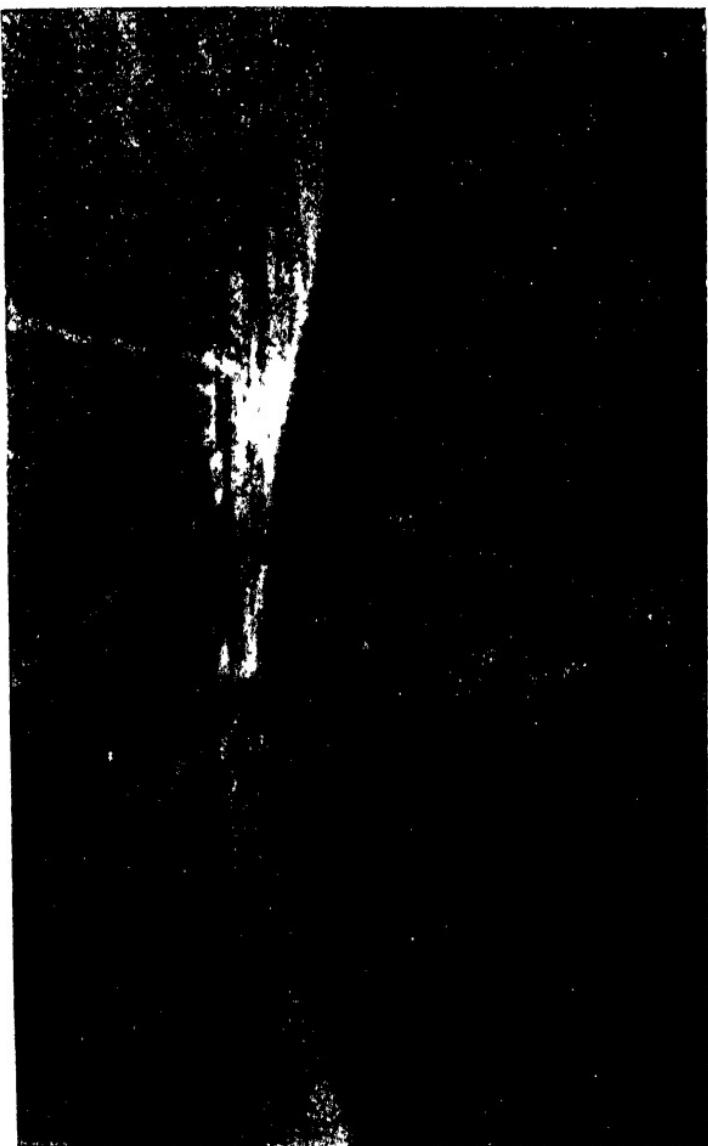
REVULSION

THOUGH I waste watches framing words
to fetter
Some spirit to mine own in clasp and kiss,
Out of the night there looms a sense 'twere
better
To fail obtaining whom one fails to miss.

For winning love we win the risk of losing,
And losing love is as one's life were riven;
It cuts like contumely and keen ill-using
To cede what was superfluously given.

Let me then feel no more the fateful thrilling
That devastates the love-worn woer's frame,
The hot ado of fevered hopes, the chilling
That agonizes disappointed aim !
So may I live no junctive law fulfilling,
And my heart's table bear no woman's name.

1866.



SHE, TO HIM

I

WHEN you shall see me in the toils of
Time,

My lauded beauties carried off from me,
My eyes no longer stars as in their prime,
My name forgot of Maiden Fair and Free ;

When in your being heart concedes to mind,
And judgment, though you scarce its process
know,

Recalls the excellencies I once enshrined,
And you are irked that they have withered so :

Remembering that with me lies not the blame,
That Sportsman Time but rears his brood to
kill,

Knowing me in my soul the very same—
One who would die to spare you touch of ill !—
Will you not grant to old affection's claim
The hand of friendship down Life's sunless
hill ?

SHE, TO HIM

II

PERHAPS, long hence, when I have
passed away,

Some other's feature, accent, thought like mine,
Will carry you back to what I used to say,
And bring some memory of your love's decline.

Then you may pause awhile and think, "Poor
jade!"

And yield a sigh to me—as ample due,
Not as the tittle of a debt unpaid
To one who could resign her all to you—

And thus reflecting, you will never see
That your thin thought, in two small words
conveyed,
Was no such fleeting phantom-thought to me,
But the Whole Life wherein my part was
played ;
And you amid its fitful masquerade
A Thought—as I in yours but seem to be.

SHE, TO HIM

III

I WILL be faithful to thee ; aye, I will !
And Death shall choose me with a won-
dering eye
That he did not discern and domicile
One his by right ever since that last Good-bye !

I have no care for friends, or kin, or prime
Of manhood who deal gently with me here ;
Amid the happy people of my time
Who work their love's fulfilment, I appear

Numb as a vane that cankers on its point,
True to the wind that kissed ere canker came;
Despised by souls of Now, who would disjoint
The mind from memory, and make Life all

aim,

My old dexterities of hue quite gone,
And nothing left for Love to look upon.

SHE, TO HIM

IV

THIS love puts all humanity from me ;
I can but maledict her, pray her dead,
For giving love and getting love of thee—
Feeding a heart that else mine own had fed !

How much I love I know not, life not known,
Save as some unit I would add love by ;
But this I know, my being is but thine
own—
Fused from its separateness by ecstasy.

And thus I grasp thy amplitudes, of her
Ungrasped, though helped by nigh-regarding
eyes ;

Canst thou then hate me as an envier
Who see unrecked what I so dearly prize ?
Believe me, Lost One, Love is lovelier
The more it shapes its moan in selfish-wise.

D I T T Y

(E. L. G.)

BENEATH a knap where flown
Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
 Far away
From the files of formal houses,
By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,
No man barters, no man sells
 Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair
“Here is she!”

Seems written everywhere
Unto me.

But to friends and nodding neighbours,
Fellow-wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was
Ere we met;

(Such can not be, but because
Some forget
Let me feign it)—none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed—
Loved as true—

Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through,

Had I never wandered near her,
Is a smart severe—severer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
 Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance
 To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
 We are all.

I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels,
 —Where she dwells !



THE SERGEANT'S SONG

(1803)

WHEN Lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And Parsons practise what they
preach ;

Then Little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !

When Justices hold equal scales,
And Rogues are only found in jails ;

Then Little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, &c.

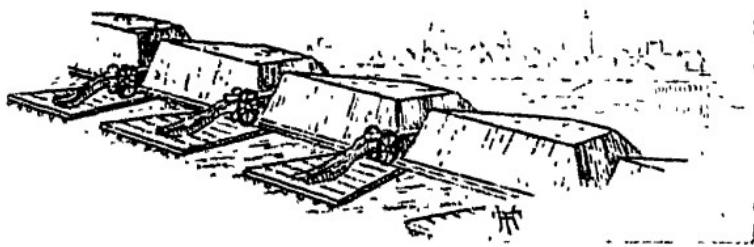
When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,
And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse ;
Then Little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, &c.

When Husbands with their Wives agree,
And Maids won't wed from modesty ;
Then Little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, tol-tol-lorum,

Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !



VALENCIENNES

(1793)

BY CORP'L TULLIDGE: *see "The Trumpet-Major"*

IN MEMORY OF S. C. (PENSIONER). DIED 184-

WE trenched, we trumpeted and
drummed,
And from our mortars tons of iron
hummed
Ath'art the ditch, the month we bombed
The Town o' Valencieën.

'Twas in the June o' Ninety-dree
(The Duke o' Yark our then Commander
 beän)
The German Legion, Guards, and we
 Laid siege to Valencieën.

This was the first time in the war
That French and English spilled each other's
 gore ;
—Few dreamt how far would roll the roar
 Begun at Valencieën !

'Twas said that we'd no business there
A-topperèn the French for disagreen ;
 However, that's not my affair—
 We were at Valencieën.

Such snocks and slats, since war began
Never kncw raw recruit or veteran :
 Stone-deaf therence went many a man
 Who served at Valencieën.

Into the streets, ath'art the sky,
A hundred thousand balls and bombs were
fleēn ;
And harmless townsfolk fell to die
Each hour at Valencieën !

And, sweatēn wi' the bombardiers,
A shell was slent to shards anighest my ears :
—'Twas nigh the end of hopes and fears
For me at Valencieën !

They bore my wouned frame to camp,
And shut my gapēn skull, and washed en
clean,
And jined en wi' a zilver clamp
Thik night at Valencieën.

“ We've fetched en back to quick from
dead ;
But never more on earth while rose is red
Will drum rouse Corpel ! ” Doctor said
O' me at Valencieën.

'Twer true. No voice o' friend or foe
Can reach me now, or any livèn been ;
And little have I power to know
Since then at Valencieën !

I never hear the zummer hums
O' bees ; and don' know when the cuckoo
comes ;
But night and day I hear the bombs
We threw at Valencieën. . . .

As for the Duke o' Yark in war,
There be some volk whose judgment o' en is
meän ;
But this I say—a was not far
From great at Valencieën.

O' wild wet nights, when all seems sad,
My wounnds come back, as though new wounnds
I'd had ;
But yet—at times I'm sort o' glad
I fout at Valencieën.

Well: Heaven wi' its jasper halls
Is now the on'y Town I care to be in. . . .

Good Lord, if Nick should bomb the walls
As we did Valencieën ! . . .

1878-1897.

SAN SEBASTIAN

(*August 1813*)

WITH THOUGHTS OF SERGEANT M—— (PENSIONER),
WHO DIED 185—

“WHY, Sergeant, stray on the Ivel
Way,
As though at home there were spectres
rife ?
From first to last 'twas a proud career !
And your sunny years with a gracious wife
Have brought you a daughter dear.

"I watched her to-day ; a more comely maid,
As she danced in her muslin bowed with blue,
Round a Hintock maypole never gayed."

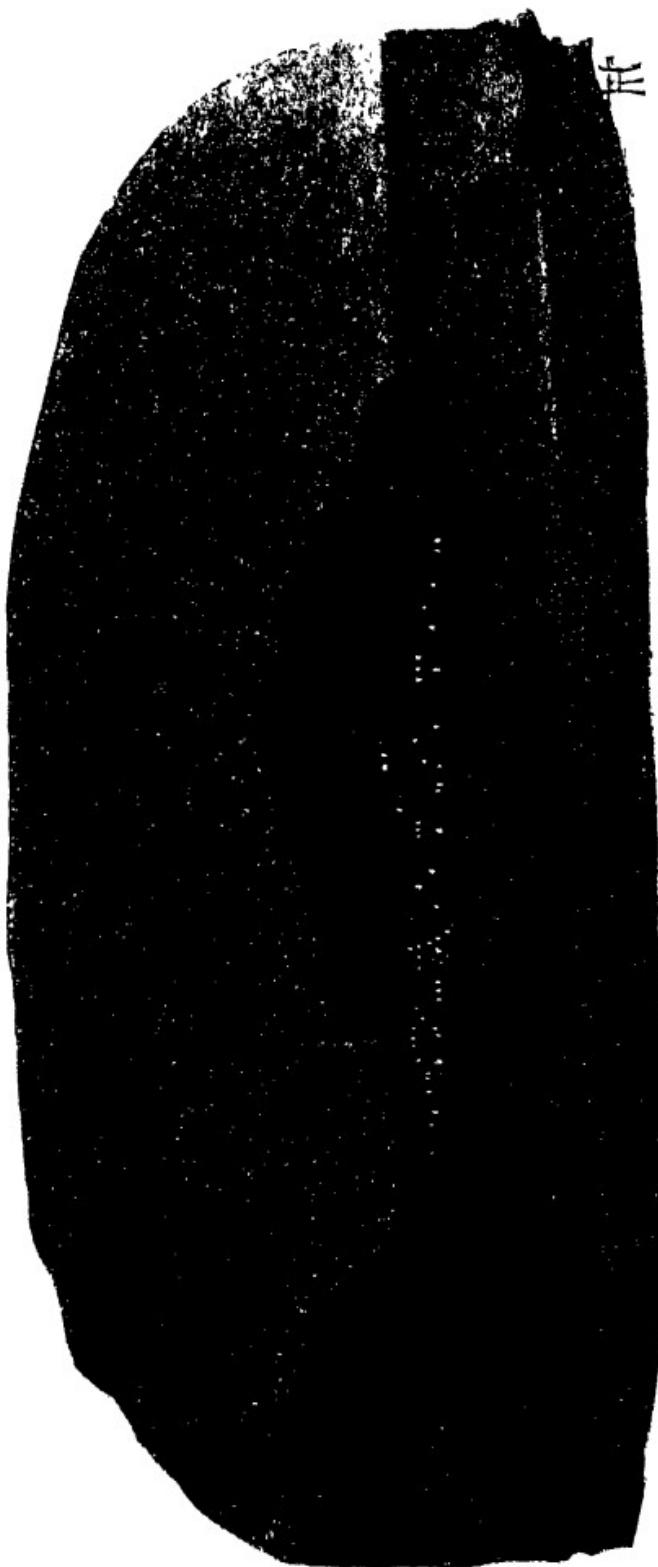
—“Aye, aye ; I watched her this day, too,
As it happens,” the Sergeant said.

“My daughter is now,” he again began,
“Of just such an age as one I knew
When we of the Line and Forlorn-hope van,
On an August morning—a chosen few—

Stormed San Sebastian.

“She's a score less three ; so about was *she*—
The maiden I wronged in Peninsular days. . . .
You may prate of your prowess in lusty times,
But as years gnaw inward you blink your bays,
And see too well your crimes !

“We'd stormed it at night, by the vlanker-light
Of burning towers, and the mortar's boom :
We'd topped the breach ; but had failed to stay,
For our files were misled by the baffling gloom ;
And we said we'd storm by day.



“ So, out of the trenches, with features set,
On that hot, still morning, in measured pace,
Our column climbed ; climbed higher yet,
Past the fauss’bray, scarp, up the curtain-face,
And along the parapet.

“ From the battered hornwork the cannoneers
Hove crashing balls of iron fire ;
On the shaking gap mount the volunteers
In files, and as they mount expire
Amid curses, groans, and cheers.

“ Five hours did we storm, five hours re-form,
As Death cooled those hot blood pricked on ;
Till our cause was helped by a woe within :
They swayed from the summit we’d leapt
upon,
And madly we entered in.

“ On end for plunder, ’mid rain and thunder
That burst with the lull of our cannonade,
We vamped the streets in the stifling air—
Our hunger unsoothed, our thirst unstayed—
And ransacked the buildings there.

“ Down the stony steps of the house-fronts
white

We rolled rich puncheons of Spanish grape,
Till at length, with the fire of the wine alight,
I saw at a doorway a fair fresh shape—

A woman, a sylph, or sprite.

“ Afeard she fled, and with heated head
I pursued to the chamber she called her
own ;

—When might is right no qualms deter,
And having her helpless and alone
I wreaked my will on her.

“ She raised her beseeching eyes to me,
And I heard the words of prayer she sent
In her own soft language. . . . Seemingly
I copied those eyes for my punishment
In begetting the girl you see !

“ So, to-day I stand with a God-set brand
Like Cain’s, when he wandered from kindred’s
ken. . . .

I served through the war that made Europe
free ;

I wived me in peace-year. But, hid from men,
I bear that mark on me.

“ And I nightly stray on the Ivel Way
As though at home there were spectres rife ;
I delight me not in my proud career ;
And 'tis coals of fire that a gracious wife
Should have brought me a daughter
dear ! ”

THE STRANGER'S SONG

(*As sung by Mr. CHARLES CHARRINGTON in the play of
“The Three Wayfarers”*)

O MY trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see ;
For my customers I tie, and take 'em up on
high,
And waft 'em to a far countree !

My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—

My tools are no sight to see :
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to
swing,
Are implements enough for me !

To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
To-morrow is a working day for me :
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad
who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' mer-cy!

Printed in "The Three Strangers," 1883.



THE BURGHERS

(17—)

THE sun had wheeled from Grey's to
Dammer's Crest,
And still I mused on that Thing imminent:
At length I sought the High-street to the
West.

The level flare raked pane and pediment
And my wrecked face, and shaped my near-
ing friend
Like one of those the Furnace held unshent.

“I’ve news concerning her,” he said. “Attend.
They fly to-night at the late moon’s first
gleam :
Watch with thy steel : two righteous thrusts
will end

Her shameless visions and his passioned dream.
I’ll watch with thee, to testify thy wrong—
To aid, maybe.—Law consecrates the scheme.”

I started, and we paced the flags along
Till I replied : “Since it has come to this
I’ll do it ! But alone. I can be strong.”

Three hours past Curfew, when the Froom’s
mild hiss
Reigned sole, undulled by whirr of merchan-
dize,
From Pummery-Tout to where the Gibbet is,

I crossed my pleasaunce hard by Glyd'path
Rise,
And stood beneath the wall. Eleven strokes
went,
And to the door they came, contrariwise,

And met in clasp so close I had but bent
My lifted blade upon them to have let
Their two souls loose upon the firmament.

But something held my arm. "A moment
yet
As pray-time ere you wantons die!" I said ;
And then they saw me. Swift her gaze was
set

With eye and cry of love illimitable
Upon her Heart-king. Never upon me
Had she thrown look of love so thorough-
sped! . . .

At once she flung her faint form shieldingly
On his, against the vengeance of my vows ;
The which o'erruling, her shape shielded he.

Blanked by such love, I stood as in a
drowse,
And the slow moon edged from the upland
nigh,
My sad thoughts moving thuswise: "I may
house

And I may husband her, yet what am I
But licensed tyrant to this bonded pair ?
Says Charity, Do as ye would be done by." . . .

Hurling my iron to the bushes there,
I bade them stay. And, as if brain and
breast
Were passive, they walked with me to the
stair.

Inside the house none watched; and on we
prest
Before a mirror, in whose gleam I read
Her beauty, his,—and mine own mien un-
blest;

Till at her room I turned. "Madam," I said,

"Have you the wherewithal for this? Pray speak.

Love fills no cupboard. You'll need daily bread."

"We've nothing, sire," said she; "and nothing seek.

'Twere base in me to rob my lord unaware; Our hands will earn a pittance week by week."

And next I saw she'd piled her raiment rare Within the garde-robes, and her household purse,

Her jewels, and least lace of personal wear;

And stood in homespun Now grown wholly hers,

I handed her the gold, her jewels all, And him the choicest of her robes diverse

"I'll take you to the doorway in the wall,
And then adieu," I to them. "Friends, withdraw."

They did so; and she went—beyond recall.

And as I paused beneath the arch I saw
Their moonlit figures—slow, as in surprise—
Descend the slope, and vanish on the law.

"'Fool,' some will say," I thought. "But
who is wise,
Save God alone, to weigh my reasons why?"
—"Hast thou struck home?" came with the
boughs' night-sighs.

It was my friend. "I have struck well.
They fly,
But carry wounds that none can cicatrize."
—"Not mortal?" said he. "Lingering—
worse," said I.

LEIPZIG

(1813)

*Scene : The Master-tradesmen's Parlour at the Old
Ship Inn, Casterbridge. Evening.*

“ OLD Norbert with the flat blue cap—
A German said to be—

Why let your pipe die on your lap,
Your eyes blink absently ?”—

—“ Ah ! . . . Well, I had thought till my cheek
was wet

Of my mother—her voice and mien
When she used to sing and pirouette,
And touse the tambourine

"To the march that yon street-fiddler plies :
She told me 'twas the same
She'd heard from the trumpets, when the
Allies
Her city overcame.

"My father was one of the German Hussars,
My mother of Leipzig ; but he,
Long quartered here, fetched her at close of
the wars,
And a Wessex lad reared me.

"And as I grew up, again and again
She'd tell, after trilling that air,
Of her youth, and the battles on Leipzig
plain
And of all that was suffered there ! . . .

"—'Twas a time of alarms. Three Chiefs-
at-arms
Combined them to crush One,
And by numbers' might, for in equal fight
He stood the matched of none.

“Carl Schwarzenberg was of the plot,
And Blücher, prompt and prow,
And Jean the Crown-Prince Bernadotte :
Buonaparte was the foe.

“City and plain had felt his reign
From the North to the Middle Sea,
And he'd now sat down in the noble town
Of the King of Saxony.

“October's deep dew its wet gossamer threw
Upon Leipzig's lawns, leaf-strewn,
Where lately each fair avenue
Wrought shade for summer noon.

“To westward two dull rivers crept
Through miles of marsh and slough,
Wherever a streak of whiteness swept—
The Bridge of Lindenau.

“Hard by, in the City, the One, care-tossed,
Gloomed over his shrunken power ,
And without the walls the hemming host
Waxed denser every hour.

"He had speech that night on the morrow's
designs

With his chiefs by the bivouac fire,
While the belt of flames from the enemy's
lines
Flared higher him yet and nigher.

"Three sky-lights then from the girdling
trine
Told, 'Ready !' As they rose
Their flashes seemed his Judgment-Sign
For bleeding Europe's woes.

"'Twas seen how the French watch-fires that
night
Glowed still and steadily ;
And the Three rejoiced, for they read in the
sight
That the One disdained to flee. . . .

"—Five hundred guns began the affray
On next day morn at nine ;
Such mad and mangling cannon-play
Had never torn human line.

“Around the town three battles beat,
Contracting like a gin ;
As nearer marched the million feet
Of columns closing in.

“The first battle nighed on the low Southern
side ;
The second by the Western way ;
The nearing of the third on the North was
heard :
—The French held all at bay.

“Against the first band did the Emperor stand ;
Against the second stood Ney ;
Marmont against the third gave the order-
word :
—Thus raged it throughout the day.

“Fifty thousand sturdy souls on those trampled
plains and knolls,
Who met the dawn hopefully,
And were lotted their shares in a quarrel not
theirs,
Dropt then in their agony.

"'O,' the old folks said, 'ye Preachers stern !

O so-called Christian time !
When will men's swords to ploughshares turn ?
When come the promised prime ?' . . .

"—The clash of horse and man which that day began,

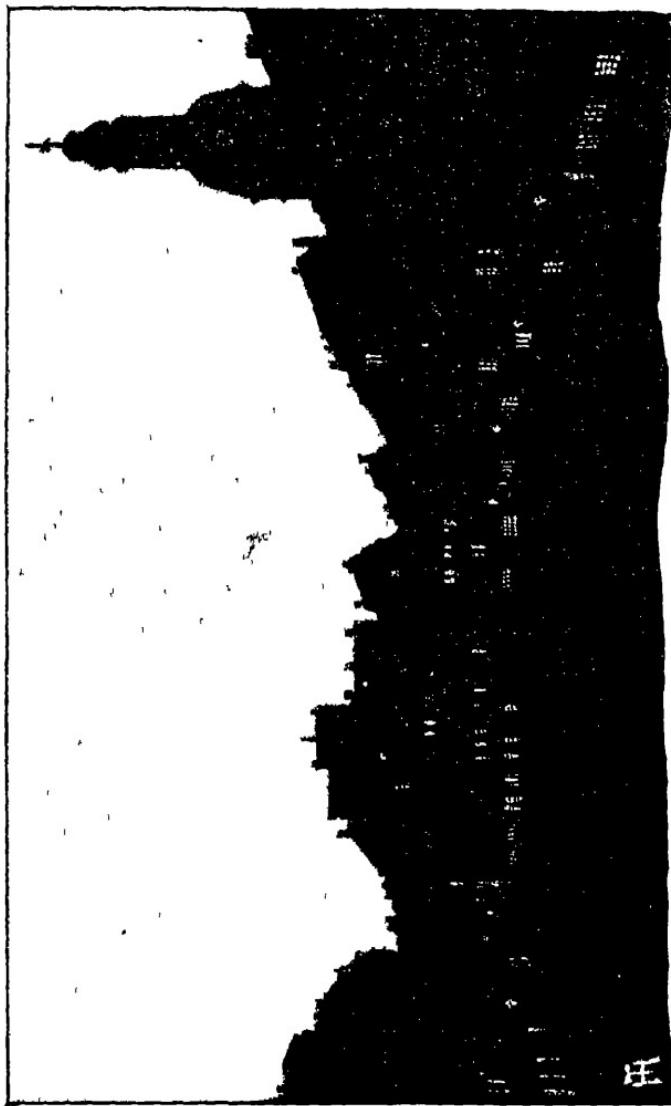
Closed not as evening wore ;
And the morrow's armies, rear and van,
Still mustered more and more.

"From the City towers the Confederate Powers

Were eyed in glittering lines,
And up from the vast a murmuring passed
As from a wood of pines.

"'Tis well to cover a feeble skill
By numbers !' scoffèd He ;

'But give me a third of their strength, I'd fill
Half Hell with their soldiery !'



"All that day raged the war they waged,
And again dumb night held reign,
Save that ever upspread from the dark death-
bed
A miles-wide pant of pain.

"Hard had striven brave Ney, the true
Bertrand,
Victor, and Augereau,
Bold Poniatowski, and Lauriston,
To stay their overthrow ;

"But, as in the dream of one sick to death
There comes a narrowing room
That pens him, body and limbs and breath,
To wait a hideous doom,

"So to Napoleon, in the hush
That held the town and towers
Through these dire nights, a creeping
crush
Seemed inborne with the hours.

"One road to the rearward, and but one,
Did fitful Chance allow ;
'Twas where the Pleiss' and Elster run—
The Bridge of Lindenau.

"The nineteenth dawned. Down street and
Platz
The wasted French sank back,
Stretching long lines across the Flats
And on the bridge-way track ;

"When there surged on the sky an earthen
wave,
And stones, and men, as though
Some rebel churchyard crew updrave
Their sepulchres from below.

"To Heaven is blown Bridge Lindenau ;
Wrecked regiments reel therefrom ;
And rank and file in masses plough
The sullen Elster-Strom.

“A gulf was Lindenau ; and dead
Were fifties, hundreds, tens ;
And every current rippled red
With Marshal’s blood and men’s.

“The smart Macdonald swam therein,
And barely won the verge ;
Bold Poniatowski plunged him in
Never to re-emerge.

“Then stayed the strife. The remnants
wound
Their Rhineward way pell-mell ;
And thus did Leipzig City sound
An Empire’s passing bell ;

“While in cavalcade, with hand and blade,
Came Marshals, Princes, Kings ;
And the town was theirs . . . Ay, as
simple maid,
My mother saw these things !

“And whenever those notes in the street
begin,
I recall her, and that far scene,
And her acting of how the Allies marched in,
And her touse of the tambourine !”



THE PEASANT'S CONFESSION

“Si le maréchal Grouchy avait été rejoint par l'officier que Napoléon lui avait expédié la veille à dix heures du soir, toute question eût disparaît. Mais cet officier n'était point parvenu à sa destination, ainsi que le maréchal n'a cessé de l'affirmer toute sa vie, et il faut l'en croire, car autrement il n'aurait eu aucune raison pour hésiter. Cet officier avait-il été pris ? avait-il passé à l'ennemi ? C'est ce qu'on a toujours ignoré.”

—THIERS *Histoire de l'Empire* “Waterloo”

GOOD Father ! . . . 'Twas an eve in
middle June,
And war was waged anew
By great Napoleon, who for years had strewn
Men's bones all Europe through.

Three nights ere this, with columned corps
he'd crossed
The Sambre at Charleroi,
To move on Brussels, where the English host
Dallied in Parc and Bois.

The yestertide we'd heard the gloomy gun
Growl through the long-sunned day
From Quatre Bras and Ligny ; till the dun
Twilight suppressed the fray ;

Albeit therein—as lated tongues bespoke—
Brunswick's high heart was drained,
And Prussia's Line and Landwehr, though
unbroke,
Stood cornered and constrained.

And at next noon-time Grouchy slowly passed
With thirty thousand men :
We hoped thenceforth no army, small or
vast,
Would trouble us again.

My hut lay deeply in a vale recessed,
And never a soul seemed nigh
When, reassured at length, we went to rest—
My children, wife, and I.

But what was this that broke our humble
ease ?
What noise, above the rain,
Above the dripping of the poplar trees
That smote along the pane ?

—A call of mastery, bidding me arise,
Compelled me to the door,
At which a horseman stood in martial
guise—
Splashed—sweating from every pore.

Had I seen Grouchy ? Yes ? Which track
took he ?
Could I lead thither on ?—
Fulfilment would ensure gold pieces three,
Perchance more gifts anon.

"I bear the Emperor's mandate," then he said,

"Charging the Marshal straight
To strike between the double host ahead
Ere they co-operate,

"Engaging Blucher till the Emperor put
Lord Wellington to flight,
And next the Prussians. This to set afoot
Is my emprise to-night."

I joined him in the mist; but, pausing, sought
To estimate his say.
Grouchy had made for Wavre ; and yet, on
thought,
I did not lead that way.

I mused : " If Grouchy thus instructed be,
The clash comes sheer hereon ;
My farm is stript. While, as for pieces
three,
Money the French have none.

"Grouchy unwarned, moreo'er, the English
win,

And mine is left to me—
They buy, not borrow."—Hence did I begin
To lead him treacherously.

By Jodoigne, near to east, as we ondrew,
Dawn pierced the humid air ;
And eastward faced I with him, though I knew
Never marched Grouchy there.

Near Ottignies we passed, across the Dyle
(Lim'lette left far aside),
And thence direct toward Pervez and Noville
Through green grain, till he cried :

"I doubt thy conduct, man ! no track is
here—
I doubt thy gagèd word !"
Thereat he scowled on me, and pranced me
near,
And pricked me with his sword.

"Nay, Captain, hold ! We skirt, not trace
the course
Of Grouchy," said I then :
"As we go, yonder went he, with his force
Of thirty thousand men."

—At length noon nighed ; when west, from
Saint-John's-Mound,
A hoarse artillery boomed,
And from Saint-Lambert's upland, chapel-
crowned,
The Prussian squadrons loomed.

Then to the wayless wet gray ground he
leapt ;
"My mission fails !" he cried ;
"Too late for Grouchy now to intercept,
For, peasant, you have lied ! "

He turned to pistol me. I sprang, and drew
The sabre from his flank,
And 'twixt his nape and shoulder, ere he knew,
I struck, and dead he sank.



I hid him deep in nodding rye and oat—
His shroud green stalks and loam ;
His requiem the corn-blade's husky note—
And then I hastened home. . . .

—Two armies writhe in coils of red and
blue,
And brass and iron clang
From Goumont, past the front of Waterloo,
To Pap'lotte and Smohain.

The Guard Imperial wavered on the height ;
The Emperor's face grew glum ;
“I sent,” he said, “to Grouchy yesternight,
And yet he does not come !”

’Twas then, Good Father, that the French
espied,
Streaking the summer land,
The men of Blücher. But the Emperor
cried,
“Grouchy is now at hand !”

And meanwhile Vand'leur, Vivian, Maitland,
Kempt,
Met d'Erlon, Friant, Ney ;
But Grouchy—mis-sent, blamed, yet blame-
exempt—
Grouchy was far away.

By even, slain or struck, Michel the strong,
Bold Travers, Dnop, Delord,
Smart Guyot, Reil-le, l'Heriter, Friant,
Scattered that champaign o'er.

Fallen likewise wronged Duhesme, and skilled
Lobau
Did that red sunset see ;
Colbert, Legros, Blancard ! And of
the foe
Picton and Ponsonby ;

With Gordon, Canning, Blackman, Ompteda,
L'Estrange, Delancey, Packe,
Grose, D'Oyly, Stables, Morice, Howard, Hay,

Smith, Phelps, Fuller, Lind, and Battersby,

And hosts of ranksmen round

Memorials linger yet to speak to thee

Of those that bit the ground !

The Guards' last column yielded ; dykes of
dead

Lay between vale and ridge,

As, thinned yet closing, faint yet fierce, they
sped

In packs to Genappe Bridge.

Safe was my stock ; my capple cow unslain ;

Intact each cock and hen ;

But Grouchy far at Wavre all day had lain,

And thirty thousand men.

O Saints, had I but lost my earing corn

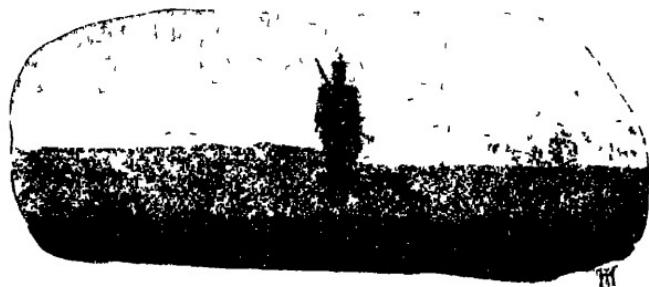
And saved the cause once prized !

O Saints, why such false witness had I
borne

When late I'd sympathized ! . . .

So now, being old, my childien eye askance
My slowly dwindling store,
And crave my mite ; till, worn with tariiance,
I care for life no more.

To Almighty God henceforth I stand con-
fessed,
And Virgin-Saint Marie ;
O Michael, John, and Holy Ones in rest,
Entreat the Lord for me !



THE ALARM

(1803)

See "The Trumpet-Major"

IN MEMORY OF ONE OF THE WRITER'S FAMILY WHO WAS A
VOLUNTEER DURING THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON

I N a ferny byway
Near the great South - Wessex
Highway,
A homestead raised its breakfast-smoke aloft;
The dew-damps still lay steamless, for the sun
had made no sky-way,
And twilight cloaked the croft.

'Twas hard to realize on
This snug side the mute horizon
That beyond it hostile armaments might
steer,
Save from seeing in the porchway a fair
woman weep with eyes on
A harnessed Volunteer.

In haste he'd flown there
To his comely wife alone there,
While marching south hard by, to still her
fears,
For she soon would be a mother, and few
messengers were known there
In these campaigning years.

'Twas time to be Good-byng,
Since the assembly-hour was nighng
In royal George's town at six that
morn ;
And betwixt its wharves and this retreat were
ten good miles of hieing
Ere ring of bugle-horn.

“ I’ve laid in food, Dear,
And broached the spiced and brewed,
Dear;
And if our July hope should antedate,
Let the char-wench mount and gallop by the
halterpath and wood, Dear,
And fetch assistance straight.

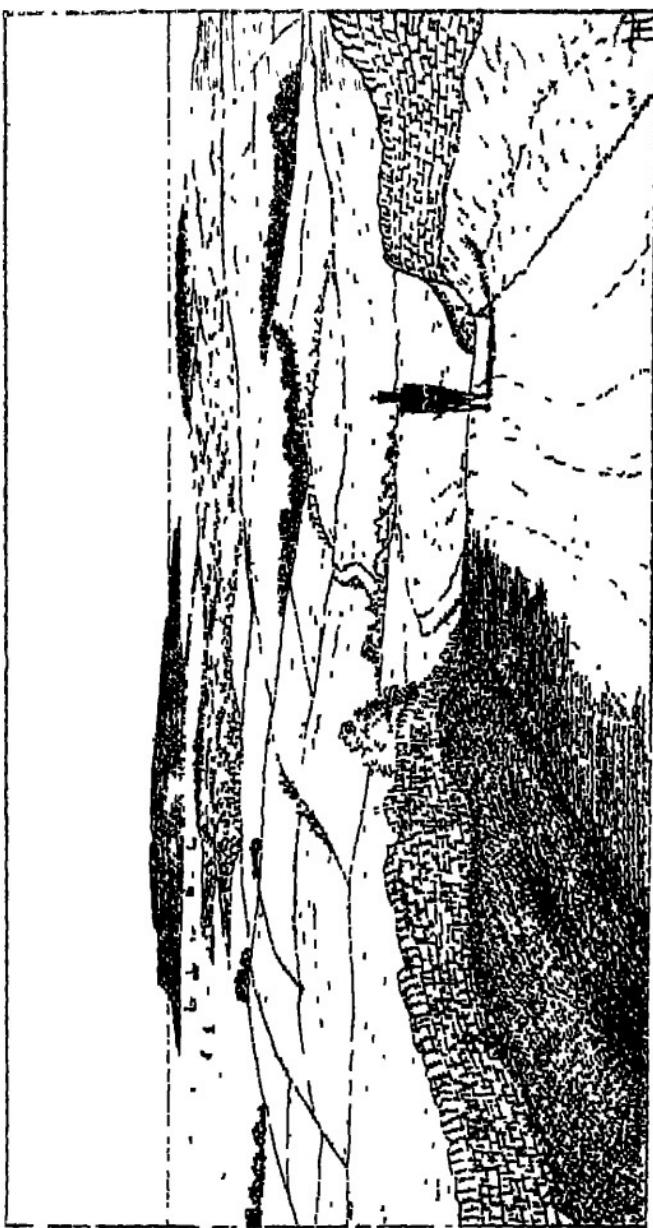
“ As for Buonaparte, forget him ;
He’s not like to land ! But let him,
Those strike with aim who strike for wives
and sons !
And the war-boats built to float him ; ‘twere
but wanted to upset him
A salut from Nelson’s guns !

“ But, to assure thee,
And of creeping fears to cure thee,
If he *should* be rumoured anchoring in the
Road,
Drive with the nurse to Kingsbere ; and let
nothing thence allure thee
Till we’ve him safe-bestowed.

“ Now, to turn to marching matters :—
I've my knapsack, firelock, spatters,
Crossbelts, pruning-horn, stock, bay'net,
blackball, clay,
Pouch, magazine, flints, flint-box that at every
quick-step clatters ;
. . . My heart, Dear ; that must
stay ! ”

—With breathings broken
Farewell was kissed unspoken,
And they parted there as morning stroked
the panes ;
And the Volunteer went on, and turned, and
twirled his glove for token,
And took the coastward lanes

When above He'th Hills he found him,
He saw, on gazing round him,
The Barrow - Beacon burning — burning
low,
As if, perhaps, uplighted ever since he'd home-
ward bound him ;
And it meant : Expect the Foe !



Leaving the byway,
And following swift the highway,
Car and chariot met he, faring fast
inland ;
“He’s anchored, Soldier!” shouted some: “God
save thee, marching thy way,
Th’lt front him on the strand !”

He slowed ; he stopped ; he paltered
Awhile with self, and faltered,
“Why courting misadventure shoreward
roam ?
To Molly, surely ! Seek the woods with her
till times have altered ;
Charity favours home.

Else, my denying
He would come she’ll read as lying—
Think the Barrow-Beacon must have met
my eyes—
That my words were not unawareness, but
deceit of her, while trying
My life to jeopardize.

"At home is stocked provision,
And to-night, without suspicion,
We might bear it with us to a covert
near ;
Such sin, to save a chil ding wife, would earn
it Christ's remission,
Though none forgive it here !"

While thus he, thinking,
A little bird, quick drinking
Among the crowfoot tufts the river
bore,
Was tangled in their stringy arms, and
fluttered, well-nigh sinking,
Near him, upon the moor.

He stepped in, reached, and seized it,
And, preening, had released it
But that a thought of Holy Writ oc-
curred,
And Signs Divine ere battle, till it seemed
him Heaven had pleased it
As guide to send the bird.

“O Lord, direct me!
Doth Duty now expect me
To march a-coast, or guard my weak ones
near?
Give this bird a flight according, that I thence
know to elect me
The southward or the rear.”

He loosed his clasp; when, rising,
The bird—as if surmising—
Bore due to southward, crossing by the
Froom,
And Durnover Great-Field and Fort, the
soldier clear advising—
Prompted he wist by Whom.

Then on he panted
By grim Mai-Don, and slanted
Up the steep Ridge-way, hearkening be-
twixt whiles;
Till, nearing coast and harbour, he beheld the
shore-line planted
With Foot and Horse for miles.

Mistrusting not the omen,
He gained the beach, where Yeo-
men,
Militia, Fencibles, and Pikemen bold,
With Regulars in thousands, were enmassed
to meet the Foemen,
Whose fleet had not yet shoaled.

Captain and Colonel,
Sere Generals, Ensigns vernal,
Were there ; of neighbour-natives, Michel,
Smith,
Meggs, Bingham, Gambier, Cunningham,
roused by the hued nocturnal
Swoop on their land and kith.

But Buonaparte still tarried ;
His project had miscarried ;
At the last hour, equipped for victory,
The fleet had paused ; his subtle combinations
had been parried
By British strategy.

Homeward returning
Anon, no beacons burning,
No alarms, the Volunteer, in modest bliss,
Te Deum sang with wife and friends : " We
praise Thee, Lord, discerning
That Thou hast helped in this ! "

HER DEATH AND AFTER

'T WAS a death-bed summons, and forth
I went

By the way of the Western Wall, so drear
On that winter night, and sought a gate—

The home, by Fate,
Of one I had long held dear.

And there, as I paused by her tenement,
And the trees shed on me their rime and hoar,
I thought of the man who had left her lone—
Him who made her his own

When I loved her, long before.

The rooms within had the piteous shine
That home-things wear when there's aught
 amiss ;
From the stairway floated the rise and fall
 Of an infant's call,
Whose birth had brought her to this.

Her life was the price she would pay for that
 whine—
For a child by the man she did not love.
“ But let that rest for ever,” I said,
 And bent my tread
To the chamber up above.

She took my hand in her thin white own,
And smiled her thanks—though nigh too
 weak—
And made them a sign to leave us there
 Then faltered, ere
She could bring herself to speak.

“ 'Twas to see you before I go—he'll condone
Such a natural thing now my time's not
 much—

When Death is so near it hustles hence
All passioned sense
Between woman and man as such !

" My husband is absent. As heretofore
The City detains him. But, in truth,
He has not been kind. . . . I will speak no
blame,

But—the child is lame ;
O, I pray she may reach his ruth !

" Forgive past days—I can say no more—
Maybe if we'd wedded you'd now repine ! . . .
But I treated you ill. I was punished. Fare-
well !

—Truth shall I tell ?
Would the child were yours and mine !

" As a wife I was true. But, such my
unease
That, could I insert a deed back in Time,
I'd make her yours, to secure your care ;
And the scandal bear,
And the penalty for the crime ! "

—When I had left, and the swinging trees
Rang above me, as lauding her candid say,
Another was I. Her words were enough :

Came smooth, came rough,
I felt I could live my day.

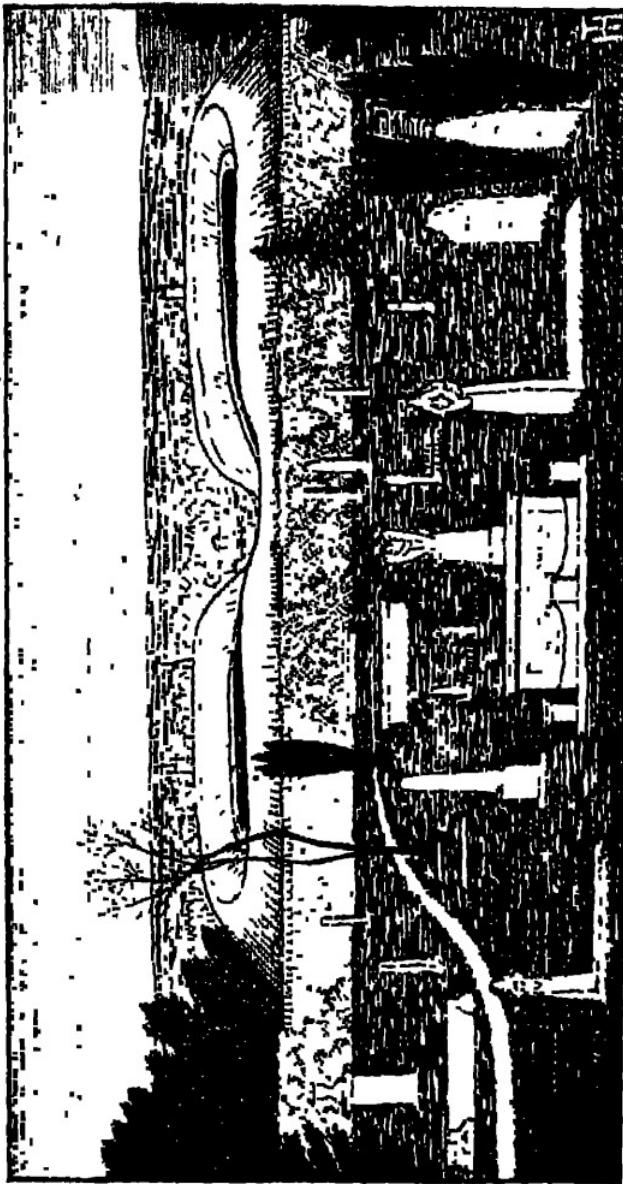
Next night she died ; and her obsequies
In the Field of Tombs, by the Via renowned,
Had her husband's heed. His tendance
spent,

I often went
And pondered by her mound.

All that year and the next year whiled,
And I still went thitherward in the gloam ;
But the Town forgot her and her nook,

And her husband took
Another Love to his home.

And the rumour flew that the lame lone
child
Whom she wished for its safety child of
mine,



Was treated ill when offspring came
Of the new-made dame,
And marked a more vigorous line.

A smarter grief within me wrought
Than even at loss of her so dear ;
Dead the being whose soul my soul suffused,
Her child ill-used,
I helpless to interfere !

One eve as I stood at my spot of thought
In the white-stoned Garth, brooding thus her
wrong,
Her husband neared ; and to shun his view
By her hallowed mew
I went from the tombs among

To the Cirque of the Gladiators which
faced—
That haggard mark of Imperial Rome,
Whose Pagan echoes mock the chime
Of our Christian time :
It was void, and I inward clomb.

Scarce night the sun's gold touch displaced
From the vast Rotund and the neighbouring
dead

When her husband followed ; bowed ; half-
passed,

With lip upcast ;

Then, halting, sullenly said :

"It is noised that you visit my first wife's
tomb.

Now, I gave her an honoured name to bear
While living, when dead. So I've claim to ask
By what right you task

My patience by vigiling there ?

"There's decency even in death, I assume ;
Preserve it, sir, and keep away ;
For the mother of my first-born you
Show mind undue !

—Sir, I've nothing more to say."

A desperate stroke discerned I then—
God pardon—or pardon not—the lie ;

She had sighed that she wished (lest the child
should pine
Of slights) 'twere mine,
So I said : "But the father I.

"That you thought it yours is the way of
men ;
But I won her troth long ere your day :
You learnt how, in dying, she summoned me?
'Twas in fealty.

—Sir, I've nothing more to say,

"Save that, if you'll hand me my little maid,
I'll take her, and rear her, and spare you toil.
Think it more than a friendly act none can ;
I'm a lonely man,
While you've a large pot to boil.

"If not, and you'll put it to ball or blade—
To-night, to-morrow night, anywh'en—
I'll meet you here. . . . But think of it,
And in season fit
Let me hear from you again."

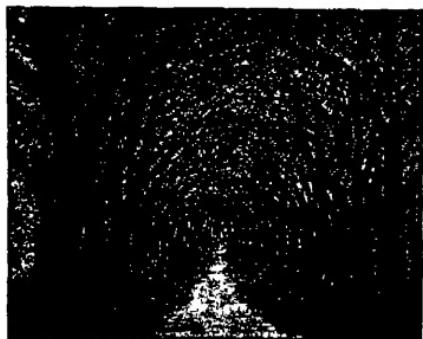
—Well, I went away, hoping ; but nought I
heard
Of my stroke for the child, till there greeted
me
A little voice that one day came
To my window-frame
And babbled innocently :

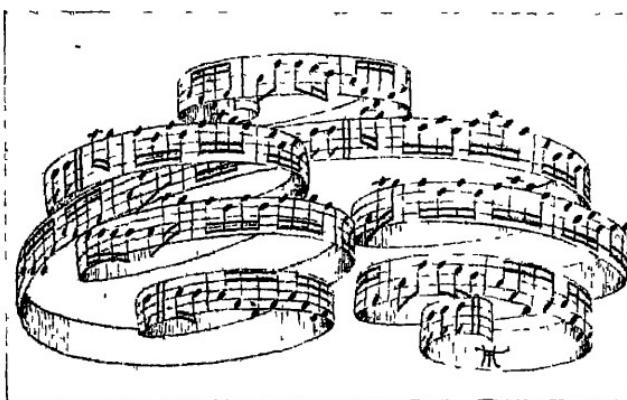
“ My father who’s not my own, sends
word
I’m to stay here, sir, where I belong ! ”
Next a writing came : “ Since the child was
the fruit
Of your lawless suit,
Pray take her, to right a wrong.”

And I did. And I gave the child my love,
And the child loved me, and estranged us
none.
But compunctions loomed ; for I’d harmed
the dead
By what I’d said
For the good of the living one.

—Yet though, God wot, I am sinner enough,
And unworthy the woman who drew me so,
Perhaps this wrong for her darling's good

She forgives, or would,
If only she could know !





THE DANCE AT THE PHœNIX

To Jenny came a gentle youth
From inland leazes lone,
His love was fresh as apple-blooth
By Parrett, Yeo, or Tone.
And duly he entreated her
To be his tender minister,
And call him aye her own.

Fair Jenny's life had hardly been
A life of modesty ;
At Casterbridge experience keen
Of many loves had she

From scarcely sixteen years above ;
Among them sundry troopers of
The King's-Own Cavalry.

But each with charger, sword, and gun,
Had bluffed the Biscay wave ;
And Jenny prized her gentle one
For all the love he gave.
She vowed to be, if they were wed,
His honest wife in heart and head
From bride-ale hour to grave.

Wedded they were. Her husband's trust
In Jenny knew no bound,
And Jenny kept her pure and just,
Till even malice found
No sin or sign of ill to be
In one who walked so decently
The duteous helpmate's round.

Two sons were born, and bloomed to men,
And roamed, and were as not :
Alone was Jenny left again
As ere her mind had sought

A solace in domestic joys,
And ere the vanished pair of boys
Were sent to sun her cot.

She numbered near on sixty years,
And passed as elderly,
When, in the street, with flush of fears,
One day discovered she,
From shine of swords and thump of drum,
Her early loves from war had come,
The King's-Own Cavalry.

She turned aside, and bowed her head
Anigh Saint Peter's door ;
“ Alas for chastened thoughts ! ” she said ;
“ I'm faded now, and hoar,
And yet those notes—they thrill me through,
And those gay forms move me anew
As in the years of yore ! ” . . .

'Twas Christmas, and the Phœnix Inn
Was lit with tapers tall,
For thirty of the trooper men
Had vowed to give a ball

As "Theirs" had done ('twas handed down)
When lying in the selfsame town
Ere Buonaparte's fall.

That night the throbbing "Soldier's Joy,"
The measured tread and sway
Of "Fancy-Lad" and "Maiden Coy,"
Reached Jenny as she lay
Beside her spouse ; till springtide blood
Seemed scouring through her like a flood
That whisked the years away.

She rose, and rayed, and decked her head
Where the bleached hairs ran thin ,
Upon her cap two bows of red
She fixed with hasty pin ;
Unheard descending to the street,
She trod the flags with tune-led feet,
And stood before the Inn.

Save for the dancers', not a sound
Disturbed the icy air ;
No watchman on his midnight round
Or traveller was there ;

But over All-Saints', high and bright,
Pulsed to the music Sirius white,
The Wain by Bullstake Square.

She knocked, but found her further stride
Checked by a sergeant tall :
“ Gay Granny, whence come you ? ” he cried ;
“ This is a private ball.”
—“ No one has more right here than me !
Ere you were born, man,” answered she,
“ I knew the regiment all ! ”

“ Take not the lady’s visit ill ! ”
Upspoke the steward free ;
“ We lack sufficient partners still,
So, prithee let her be ! ”
They seized and whirled her ‘mid the maze,
And Jenny felt as in the days
Of her immodesty.

Hour chased each hour, and night advanced ;
She sped as shod with wings ;
Each time and every time she danced—
Reels, jigs, pousettes, and flings :

They cheered her as she soared and swooped,
 (She'd learnt ere art in dancing drooped
 From hops to slothful swings).

The favourite Quick-step "Speed the Plough"—
 (Cross hands, cast off, and wheel)—
 "The Triumph," "Sylph," "The Row-dow-dow,"
 Famed "Major Malley's Reel,"
 "The Duke of York's," "The Fairy Dance,"
 "The Bridge of Lodi" (brought from France),
 She beat out, toe and heel.

The "Fall of Paris" clanged its close,
 And Peter's chime told four,
 When Jenny, bosom-beating, rose
 To seek her silent door.
 They tiptoed in escorting her,
 Lest stroke of heel or clink of spur
 Should break her goodman's snore.

The fire that late had burnt fell slack
When lone at last stood she ;
Her nine-and-fifty years came back ;
She sank upon her knee
Beside the durn, and like a dart
A something arrowed through her heart
In shoots of agony.

Their footsteps died as she leant there,
Lit by the morning star
Hanging above the moorland, where
The aged elm-rows are ;
And, as o'ernight, from Pummery Ridge
To Maembury Ring and Standfast Bridge
No life stirred, near or far.

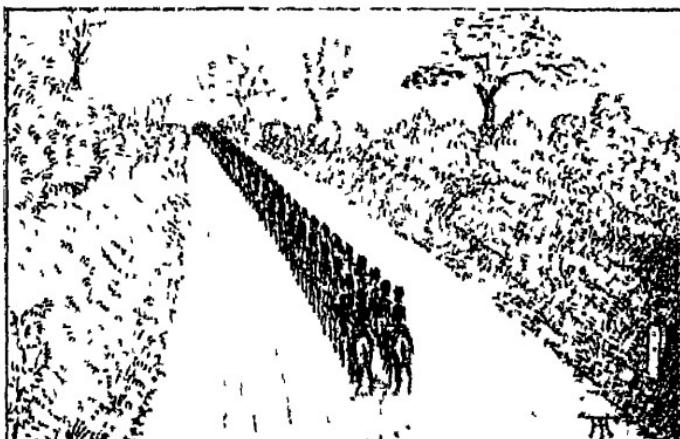
Though inner mischief worked amain,
She reached her husband's side ;
Where, toil-weary, as he had lain
Beneath the patchwork pied
When yestereve she'd forthward crept,
And as unwitting, still he slept
Who did in her confide.

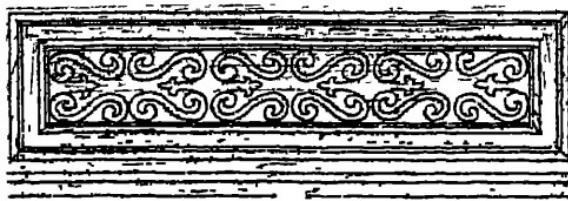
A tear sprang as she turned and viewed
 His features free from guile ;
She kissed him long, as when, just wooed,
 She chose his domicile.
Death menaced now ; yet less for life
She wished than that she were the wife
 That she had been erstwhile.

Time wore to six. Her husband rose
 And struck the steel and stone ;
He glanced at Jenny, whose repose
 Seemed deeper than his own.
With dumb dismay, on closer sight,
He gathered sense that in the night,
 Or morn, her soul had flown.

When told that some too mighty strain
 For one so many-yeared
Had burst her bosom's master-vein,
 His doubts remained unstirred.
His Jenny had not left his side
Betwixt the eve and morning-tide :
 —The King's said not a word.

Well! times are not as times were then,
Nor fair ones half so free ;
And truly they were martial men,
The King's-Own Cavalry
And when they went from Casterbridge
And vanished over Mellstock Ridge,
'Twas saddest morn to see.





THE CASTERBRIDGE CAPTAINS

(KHYBER PASS, 1842)

A TRADITION OF J. B. L—, T. G. B—, AND J. L—

THREE captains went to Indian wars,
And only one returned :
Their mate of yore, he singly wore
The laurels all had earned.

At home he sought the ancient aisle
Wherein, untrumped of fame,
The three had sat in pupilage,
And each had carved his name.

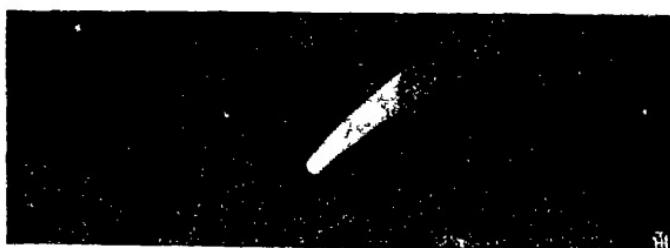
The names, rough-hewn, of equal size,
Stood on the panel still ;
Unequal since.—“ ‘Twas theirs to aim,
Mine was it to fulfil !”

—“ Who saves his life shall lose it,
friends !”
Outspake the preacher then,
Unweeting he his listener, who
Looked at the names again.

That he had come and they'd been
stayed,
‘Twas but the chance of war :
Another chance, and they'd sat here,
And he had lain afar.

Yet saw he something in the lives
 Of those who'd ceased to live
That sphered them with a majesty
 Which living failed to give.

Transcendent triumph in return
 No longer lit his brain ;
Transcendence rayed the distant urn
 Where slept the fallen twain.



A SIGN-SEEKER

I MARK the months in liveries dank and dry,
The noontides many-shaped and hued ;
I see the nightfall shades subtrude,
And hear the monotonous hours clang negligently by.

I view the evening bonfires of the sun
On hills where morning rains have hissed ;
The eyeless countenance of the mist
Pallidly rising when the summer droughts
are done.

I have seen the lightning-blade, the leaping
star,
The cauldrons of the sea in storm,
Have felt the earthquake's lifting arm,
And trodden where abysmal fires and snow-
cones are.

I learn to prophesy the hid eclipse,
The coming of eccentric orbs ;
To mete the dust the sky absorbs,
To weigh the sun, and fix the hour each
planet dips.

I witness fellow earth-men surge and strive ;
Assemblies meet, and throb, and part ;
Death's soothing finger, sorrow's smart ;
—All the vast various moils that mean a
world alive.

But that I fain would wot of shuns my sense—
Those sights of which old prophets tell,
Those signs the general word so well,
Vouchsafed to their unheed, denied my
long suspense.

In graveyard green, behind his monument
To glimpse a phantom parent, friend,
Wearing his smile, and "Not the end!"
Outbreathing softly : that were blest enlighten-
ment ;

Or, if a dead Love's lips, whom dreams reveal
When midnight imps of King Decay
Delve sly to solve me back to clay,
Should leave some print to prove her spirit-
kisses real ;

Or, when Earth's Frail lie bleeding of her
Strong,
If some Recorder, as in Writ,
Near to the weary scene should flit
And drop one plume as pledge that Heaven
in scrolls the wrong.

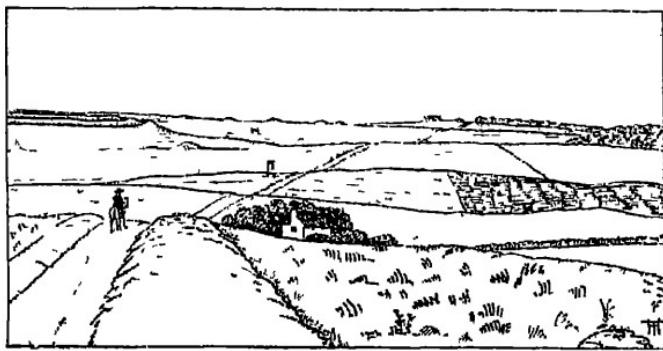
—There are who, rapt to heights of trancéd
trust,
These tokens claim to feel and see,
Read radiant hints of times to be—
Of heart to heart returning after dust to dust.

Such scope is granted not to lives like
mine . .

I have lain in dead men's beds, have
walked

The tombs of those with whom I'd talked,
Called many a gone and goodly one to shape
a sign,

And panted for response. But none replies ;
No warnings loom, nor whisperings
To open out my limitings,
And Nescience mutely muses : When a man
falls he lies.



MY CICELY

(17—)

“ **A**LIVE ? ”—And I leapt in my wonder,
Was faint of my joyance,
And grasses and grove shone in garments
Of glory to me.

“ She lives, in a plenteous well-being,
To-day as aforehand ;
The dead bore the name—though a rare
one—
The name that bore she.”

She lived . . . I, afar in the city
Of frenzy-led factions,
Had squandered green years and maturer
In bowing the knee

To Baals illusive and specious,
Till chance had there voiced me
That one I loved vainly in nonage
Had ceased her to be.

The passion the planets had scowled on,
And change had let dwindle,
Her death-rumour smartly relifted
To full apogee.

I mounted a steed in the dawning
With acheful remembrance,
And made for the ancient West Highway
To far Exonb'ry.

Passing heaths, and the House of Long
Sieging,
I neared the thin steeple

That tops the fair fane of Poore's olden
Episcopal see ;

And, changing anew my onbearer,
I traversed the downland
Whereon the bleak hill-graves of Chieftains
Bulge barren of tree ;

And still sadly onward I followed
That Highway the Icen,
Which trails its pale riband down Wessex
O'er lynchet and lea.

Along through the Stour-bordered Forum,
Where Legions had wayfared,
And where the slow river upglasses
Its green canopy,

And by Weatherbury Castle, and thencefrom
Through Castlebridge, bore I,
To tomb her whose light, in my deeming,
Extinguished had He.

No highwayman's trot blew the night-wind
 To me so life-weary,
But only the creak of the gibbets
 Or waggoners' jee.

Triple-tamparted Maidon gloomed grayly
 Above me from southward,
And north the hill-fortress of Eggar,
 And square Pummerie.

The Nine-Pillared Cromlech, the Bride-streams,
 The Axe, and the Otter
I passed, to the gate of the city
 Where Exe scents the sea ;

Till, spent, in the graveacre pausing,
 I learnt 'twas not my Love
To whom Mother Church had just murmured
 A last lullaby.

—“Then, where dwells the Canon's kinswoman,
 My friend of aforetime ?”—

('Twas hard to repress my heart-heavings
And new ecstasy.)

"She wedded."—"Ah!"—"Wedded beneath
her—

She keeps the stage-hostel
Ten miles hence, beside the great Highway—
The famed Lions-Three.

"Her spouse was her lackey—no option
'Twixt wedlock and worse things;
A lapse over-sad for a lady
Of her pedigree!"

I shuddered, said nothing, and wandered
To shades of green laurel:
Too ghastly had grown those first tidings
So brightsome of blee!

For, on my ride hither, I'd halted
Awhile at the Lions,
And her—her whose name had once opened
My heart as a key—

I'd looked on, unknowing, and witnessed
Her jests with the tapsters,
Her liquor-fired face, her thick accents
In naming her fee.

"O God, why this seeming derision!"
I cried in my anguish:
"O once Loved, O fair Unforgotten—
That Thing—meant it thee!

"Inurned and at peace, lost but sainted,
Were grief I could compass;
Depraved—'tis for Christ's poor dependent
A cruel decree!"

I backed on the Highway; but passed not
The hostel. Within there
Too mocking to Love's re-expression
Was Time's repartee!

Uptracking where Legions had wayfared,
By cromlechs unstoried,
And lynchets, and sepultured Chieftains,
In self-colloquy,

A feeling stirred in me and strengthened
That *she* was not my Love,
But she of the earth, who lay rapt in
Her long reverie.

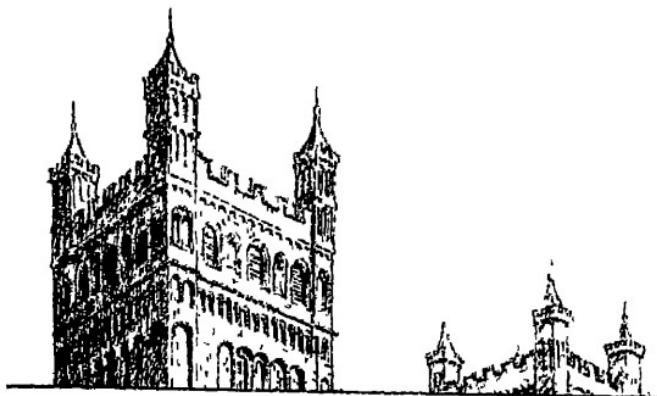
And thence till to-day I persuade me
That this was the true one ;
That Death stole intact her young dearness
And innocence.

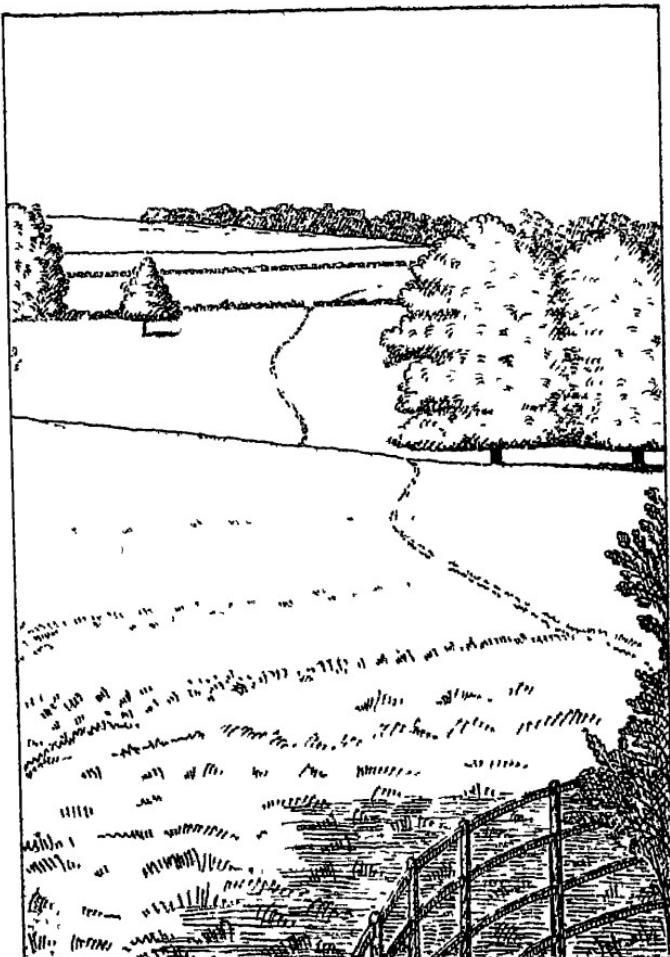
Frail-witted, illuded they call me ;
I may be. 'Tis better
To dream than to own the debasement
Of sweet Cicely.

Moreover I rate it unseemly
To hold that kind Heaven
Could work such device--to her ruin
And my misery.

So, lest I disturb my choice vision,
I shun the West Highway,
Even now, when the knaps ring with rhythms
From blackbird and bee ;

And feel that with slumber half-conscious
She rests in the church-hay,
Her spirit unsoiled as in youth-time
When lovers were we.





HER IMMORTALITY

UPON a noon I pilgrimed through
A pasture, mile by mile,
Unto the place where I last saw
My dead Love's living smile.

And sorrowing I lay me down
Upon the heated sod :
It seemed as if my body pressed
The very ground she trod.

I lay, and thought, and in a trance
She came and stood me by—
The same, even to the marvellous ray
That used to light her eye.

“ You draw me, and I come to you,
My faithful one,” she said,
In voice that had the moving tone
It bore ere breath had fled

She said “ ‘Tis seven years since I died
Few now remember me ;
My husband clasps another bride ;
My children’s love has she.

“ My brethren, sisters, and my friends
Care not to meet my sprite :
Who prized me most I did not know
Till I passed down from sight.”

I said : “ My days are lonely here ;
I need thy smile alway :
I’ll use this night my ball or blade,
And join thee ere the day.”

A tremor stirred her tender lips,
Which parted to dissuade :
“That cannot be, O friend,” she cried ;
“Think, I am but a Shade !

“A Shade but in its mindful ones
Has immortality ;
By living, me you keep alive,
By dying you slay me.

“In you resides my single power
Of sweet continuance here ;
On your fidelity I count
Through many a coming year.”

—I started through me at her plight,
So suddenly confessed :
Dismissing late distaste for life,
I craved its bleak unrest.

“I will not die, my One of all !—
To lengthen out thy days
I'll guard me from minutest harms
That may invest my ways !”

She smiled and went. Since then she comes
 Oft when her birth-moon climbs,
Or at the seasons' ingresses
 Or anniversary times ;

But grows my grief. When I surcease,
 Through whom alone lives she,
Ceases my Love, her words, her ways,
 Never again to be !

THE IVY-WIFE

I LONGED to love a full-boughed
beech

And be as high as he :
I stretched an arm within his reach,

And signalled unity.

But with his drip he forced a breach,
And tried to poison me.

I gave the grasp of partnership

To one of other race—

A plane: he barked him strip by strip
From upper bough to base ;
And me therewith ; for gone my grip,
My arms could not enlace.

In new affection next I strove
To coll an ash I saw,
And he in trust received my love ;
Till with my soft green claw
I cramped and bound him as I wove . . .
Such was my love : ha-ha !

By this I gained his strength and height
Without his rivalry.
But in my triumph I lost sight
Of afterhaps. Soon he,
Being bark-bound, flagged, snapped, fell
outright,
And in his fall felled me !

A MEETING WITH DESPAIR

A S evening shaped I found me on a moor
Which sight could scarce sustain :
The black lean land, of featureless contour,
Was like a tract in pain.

“This scene, like my own life,” I said, “is
one
Where many glooms abide ;
Toned by its fortune to a deadly dun—
Lightless on every side.

I glanced aloft and halted, pleasure-caught
To see the contrast there:
The ray-lit clouds gleamed glory; and I
thought,
“There’s solace everywhere!”

Then bitter self-reproaches as I stood
I dealt me silently
As one perverse—misrepresenting Good
In graceless mutiny.

Against the horizon’s dim-discernèd wheel
A form rose, strange of mould:
That he was hideous, hopeless, I could feel
Rather than could behold.

“‘Tis a dead spot, where even the light lies
spent
To darkness!” croaked the Thing.
“Not if you look aloft!” said I, intent
On my new reasoning.

"Yea—but await awhile!" he cried. "Ho-
ho!—

Look now aloft and see!"

I looked. There, too, sat night· Heaven's
radiant show

Had gone. Then chuckled he.

UNKNOWING

WHEN, soul in soul reflected,
We breathed an æthered air,
When we neglected
All things elsewhere,
And left the friendly friendless
To keep our love aglow,
We deemed it endless . . .
—We did not know !

When, by mad passion goaded,
We planned to hie away,

But, unforeboded,
The storm-shafts gray
So heavily down-pattered
That none could forthward go,
Our lives seemed shattered . . .
—We did not know !

When I found you, helpless lying,
And you waived my deep misprise,
And swore me, dying,
In phantom-guise
To wing to me when grieving,
And touch away my woe,
We kissed, believing . . .
—We did not know !

But though, your powers outreckoning,
You hold you dead and dumb,
Or scorn my beckoning,
And will not come ;
And I say, “ 'Twere mood ungainly
To store her memory so :”
I say it vainly—
I feel and know !

FRIENDS BEYOND

WILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben,
Farmer Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mell-
stock churchyard now !

“Gone,” I call them, gone for good, that
group of local hearts and heads ;
Yet at mothy curfew-tide,
And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes
it back from walls and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—
fellow-wight who yet abide—
In the muted, measured note
Of a ripple under archways, or a lone
cave's stillicide :

“We have triumphed : this achievement
turns the bane to antidote,
Unsuccesses to success,
Many thought-worn eves and morrows
to a morrow free of thought.

“No more need we corn and clothing,
feel of old terrestrial stress ;
Chill detraction stirs no sigh ;
Fear of death has even bygone us : death
gave all that we possess.”

W. D.—“Ye mid burn the wold bass-viol that
I set such vallie by.”

Squire.—“You may hold the manse in fee,
You may wed my spouse, my children's
memory of me may decry.”

Lady.—“ You may have my rich brocades, my
laces ; take each household key ;
Ransack coffer, desk, bureau ;
Quiz the few poor treasures hid there,
con the letters kept by me.”

Far.—“ Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye
mid let the charlock grow,
Foul the grinterns, give up thrift.”

Wife.—“ If ye break my best blue china, chil-
dren, I shan’t care or ho.”

All.—“ We’ve no wish to hear the tidings,
how the people’s fortunes shift ;
What your daily doings are ;
Who are wedded, born, divided ; if your
lives beat slow or swift.

“ Curious not the least are we if our
intents you make or mar,
If you quire to our old tune,
If the City stage still passes, if the weirs
still roar afar.”

—Thus, with very gods' composure, freed
those crosses late and soon
Which, in life, the Trine allow
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all
that haps beneath the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer
Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, mur-
mur mildly to me now.



TO OUTER NATURE

SHOW thee as I thought thee
When I early sought thee,
Omen-scouting,
All undoubting
Love alone had wrought thee—

Wrought thee for my pleasure,
Planned thee as a measure
For expounding
And resounding
Glad things that men treasure.

O for but a moment
Of that old endowment—
Light to gaily
See thy daily
Irisèd embowment !

But such re-adorning
Time forbids with scorning—
Makes me see things
Cease to be things
They were in my morning.

Fad'st thou, glow-forsaken,
Darkness-overtaken !
Thy first sweetness,
Radiance, meetness,
None shall re-awaken.

Why not sempiternal
Thou and I ? Our vernal
 Brightness keeping,
Time outleaping ;
Passed the hodiernal !

THOUGHTS OF PHENA

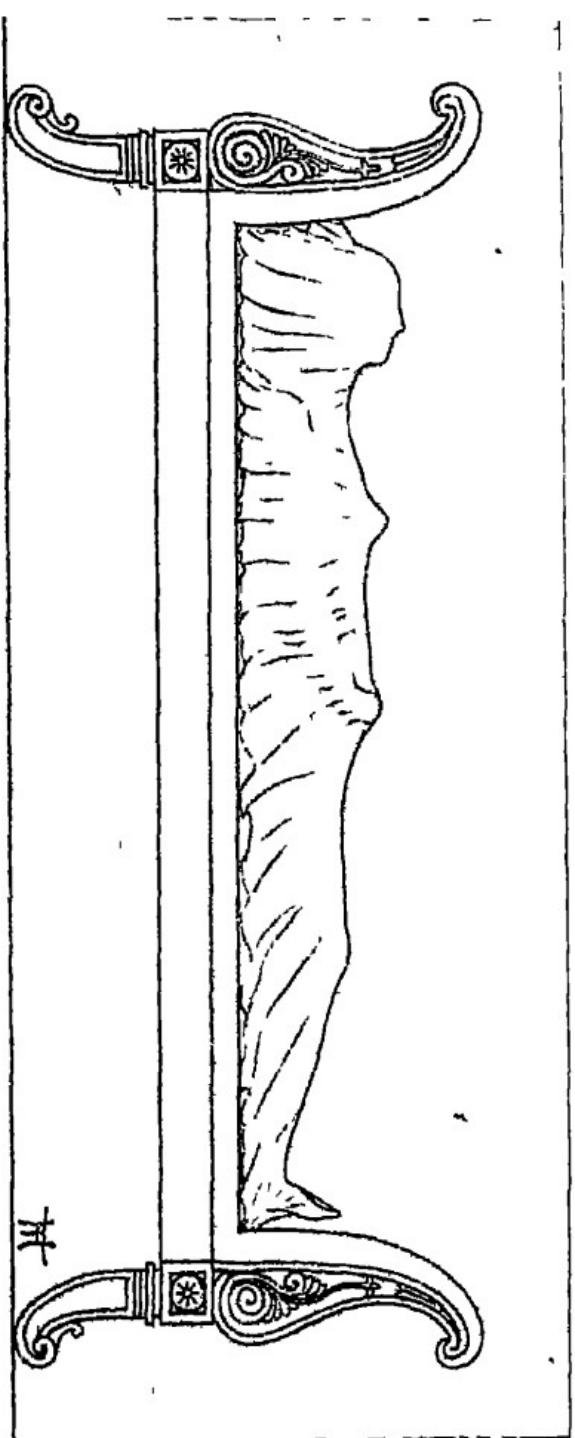
AT NEWS OF HER DEATH

NOT a line of her writing have I,
Not a thread of her hair,
No mark of her late time as dame in her
dwelling, whereby
I may picture her there ;
And in vain do I urge my unsight
To conceive my lost prize
At her close, whom I knew when her dreams
were upbrimming with light,
And with laughter her eyes.

What scenes spread around her last days,
Sad, shining, or dim ?
Did her gifts and compassions enray and
enarch her sweet ways
With an aureate nimbus ?
Or did life-light decline from her years,
And mischances control
Her full day-star ; unease, or regret, or fore-
bodings, or fears
Disennoble her soul ?

Thus I do but the phantom retain
Of the maiden of yore
As my relic ; yet haply the best of her—fined
in my brain
It may be the more
That no line of her writing have I,
Nor a thread of her hair,
No mark of her late time as dainte in her
dwelling, whereby
I may picture her there.

March 1890.



MIDDLE-AGE ENTHUSIASMS

To M. H

WE passed where flag and flower
Signalled a jocund throng ;
We said : “ Go to, the hour
Is apt ! ”—and joined the song ;
And, kindling, laughed at life and care,
Although we knew no laugh lay there.

We walked where shy birds stood
Watching us, wonder-dumb ;

Their friendship met our mood ;
We cried : "We'll often come :
We'll come morn, noon, eve, everywhen !"
—We doubted we should come again.

We joyed to see strange sheens
Leap from quaint leaves in shade ;
A secret light of greens
They'd for their pleasure made.
We said : "We'll set such sorts as these !"
—We knew with night the wish would cease.

"So sweet the place," we said,
"Its tacit tales so dear,
Our thoughts, when breath has sped,
Will meet and mingle here !" . . .
"Words !" mused we. "Passed the mortal
door,
Our thoughts will reach this nook no more."

IN A WOOD

See "THE WOODLANDERS"

P ALE beech and pine-tree blue,
Set in one clay,
Bough to bough cannot you
 Bide out your day ?
When the rains skim and skip,
Why mar sweet comradeship,
Blighting with poison-drip
 Neighbourly spray ?

Heart-halt and spirit-lame,
City-opprest,

Unto this wood I came
As to a nest ;
Dreaming that sylvan peace
Offered the harrowed ease—
Nature a soft release
From men's unrest.

But, having entered in,
Great growths and small
Show them to men akin—
Combatants all !
Sycamore shoulders oak,
Bines the slim sapling yoke,
Ivy-spun halters choke
Elms stout and tall.

Touches from ash, O wych,
Sting you like scorn !
You, too, brave hollies, twitch
Sidelong from thorn.
Even the rank poplars bear
Illy a rival's air,
Cankering in black despair
If overborne.

Since, then, no grace I find
Taught me of trees,
Turn I back to my kind,
Worthy as these.

There at least smiles abound,
There discourse trills around,
There, now and then, are found
Life-loyalties.

TO A LADY
OFFENDED BY A BOOK OF THE WRITER'S

NOW that my page upcloses, doomed,
maybe,
Never to press thy cosy cushions more,
Or wake thy ready Yeas as heretofore,
Or stir thy gentle vows of faith in me :

Knowing thy natural receptivity,
I figure that, as flambeaux banish eve,
My sombre image, warped by insidious heave
Of those less forthright, must lose place in thee.

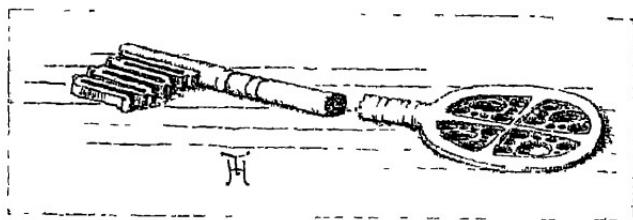
So be it. I have borne such. Let thy dreams
Of me and mine diminish day by day,
And yield their space to shine of smugger
things ;
Till I shape to thee but in fitful gleams,
And then in far and feeble visitings,
And then surcease. Truth will be truth
alway.

TO AN ORPHAN CHILD

A WHIMSEY

A H, child, thou art but half thy darling
 mother's ;
Hers couldst thou wholly be,
My light in thee would outglow all in
 others ;
She would relive to me.
But niggard Nature's trick of birth
 Bars, lest she overjoy,
Renewal of the loved on earth
 Save with alloy.

The Dame has no regard, alas, my maiden,
 For love and loss like mine—
No sympathy with mind-sight memory-laden ;
 Only with fickle eyne.
To her mechanic artistry
 My dreams are all unknown,
And why I wish that thou couldst be
 But One's alone !



NATURE'S QUESTIONING

WHEN I look forth at dawning,
pool,
Field, flock, and lonely tree,
All seem to gaze at me
Like chastened children sitting silent in a
school ;

Their faces dulled, constrained, and worn,
As though the master's ways
Through the long teaching days
Their first terrestrial zest had chilled and
overborne.

And on them stirs, in lippings mere
(As if once clear in call,
But now scarce breathed at all)—
“We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us
here !

“Has some Vast Imbecility,
Mighty to build and blend,
But impotent to tend,
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry ?

“Or come we of an Automaton
Unconscious of our pains ? . . .
Or are we live remains
Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye
now gone ?

“Or is it that some high Plan betides,
As yet not understood,
Of Evil stormed by Good,
We the Forlorn Hope over which Achievement
strides ?”

Thus things around. No answerer I. . .

Meanwhile the winds, and rains,

And Earth's old glooms and pains

Are still the same, and gladdest Life Death
neighbours nigh.

THE IMPERCipient

(AT A CATHEDRAL SERVICE)

THAT from this bright believing band
An outcast I should be,
That faiths by which my comrades stand
Seem fantasies to me,
And mirage-mists their Shining Land,
Is a drear destiny.

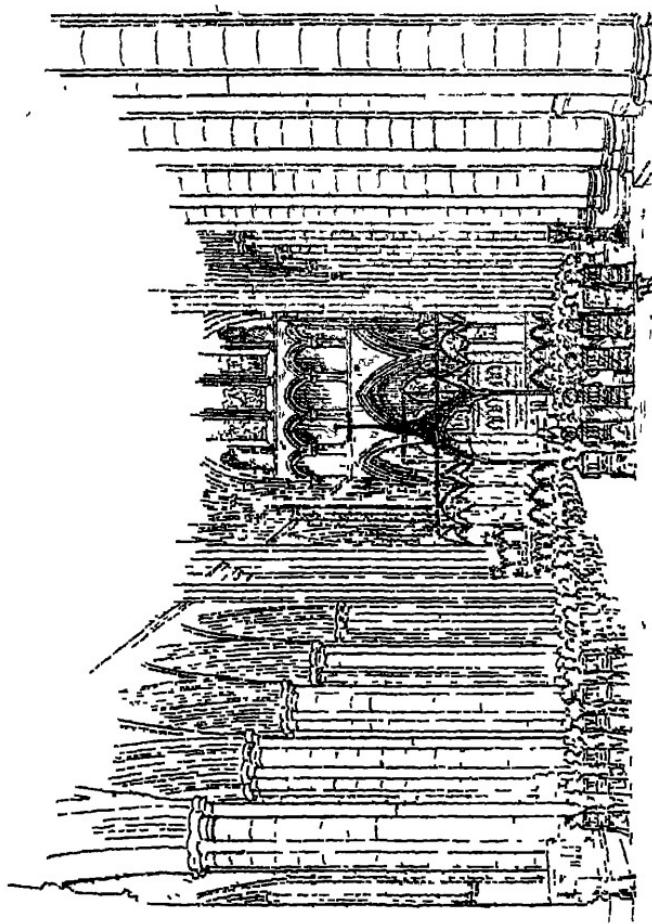
Why thus my soul should be consigned
To infelicity,

Why always I must feel as blind
To sights my brethren see,
Why joys they've found I cannot find,
Abides a mystery.

Since heart of mine knows not that ease
Which they know ; since it be
That He who breathes All's Well to these
Breathes no All's-Well to me,
My lack might move their sympathies
And Christian charity !

I am like a gazer who should mark
An inland company
Standing upfingered, with, " Hark ! hark !
The glorious distant sea ! "
And feel, " Alas, 'tis but yon dark
And wind-swept pine to me ! "

Yet I would bear my shortcomings
With meet tranquillity,
But for the charge that blessed things
I'd liefer have unbe.



O, doth a bird deprived of wings
Go earth-bound wilfully !

. . . .
Enough. As yet disquiet clings
About us. Rest shall we.

AT AN INN

WHEN we as strangers sought
Their catering care,
Veiled smiles bespoke their thought
Of what we were.

They warmed as they opined
Us more than friends—
That we had all resigned
For love's dear ends.

And that swift sympathy

With living love

Which quicks the world—maybe
The spheres above,
Made them our ministers,
Moved them to say,
“Ah, God, that bliss like theirs
Would flush our day !”

And we were left alone
As Love’s own pair ;
Yet never the love-light shone
Between us there !
But that which chilled the breath
Of afternoon,
And palsied unto death
The pane-fly’s tune.

The kiss their zeal foretold,
And now deemed come,
Came not : within his hold
Love lingered numb.
Why cast he on our port
A bloom not ours ?
Why shaped us for his sport
In after-hours ?

As we seemed we were not
That day afar,
And now we seem not what
We aching are.
O severing sea and land,
O laws of men,
Ere death, once let us stand
As we stood then !

THE SLOW NATURE

(AN INCIDENT OF FROOM VALLEY)

“**T**HY husband—poor, poor Heart!—is
dead—
Dead, out by Moreford Rise;
A hull escaped the barton-shed,
Gored him, and there he lies!”

—“Ha, ha—go away! ‘Tis a tale, methink,
Thou joker Kit!” laughed she.
“I’ve known thee many a year, Kit Twink,
And ever hast thou fooled me!”

—“But, Mistress Damon—I can swear
Thy goodman John is dead !
And soon th’lt hear their feet who bear
His body to his bed.”

So unwontedly sad was the merry man’s
face—

That face which had long deceived—
That she gazed and gazed ; and then could
trace
The truth there ; and she believed.

She laid a hand on the dresser-ledge,
And scanned far Egdon-side ;
And stood ; and you heard the wind-swept
sedge
And the rippling Froom ; till she cried :

“O my chamber’s untidied, unmade my bed,
Though the day has begun to wear !
‘What a slovenly hussif !’ it will be said,
When they all go up my stair !”

She disappeared ; and the joker stood
Depressed by his neighbour's doom,
And amazed that a wife struck to widowhood
Thought first of her unkempt room.

But a fortnight thence she could take no food,
And she pined in a slow decay ;
While Kit soon lost his mournful mood
And laughed in his ancient way.

1894.

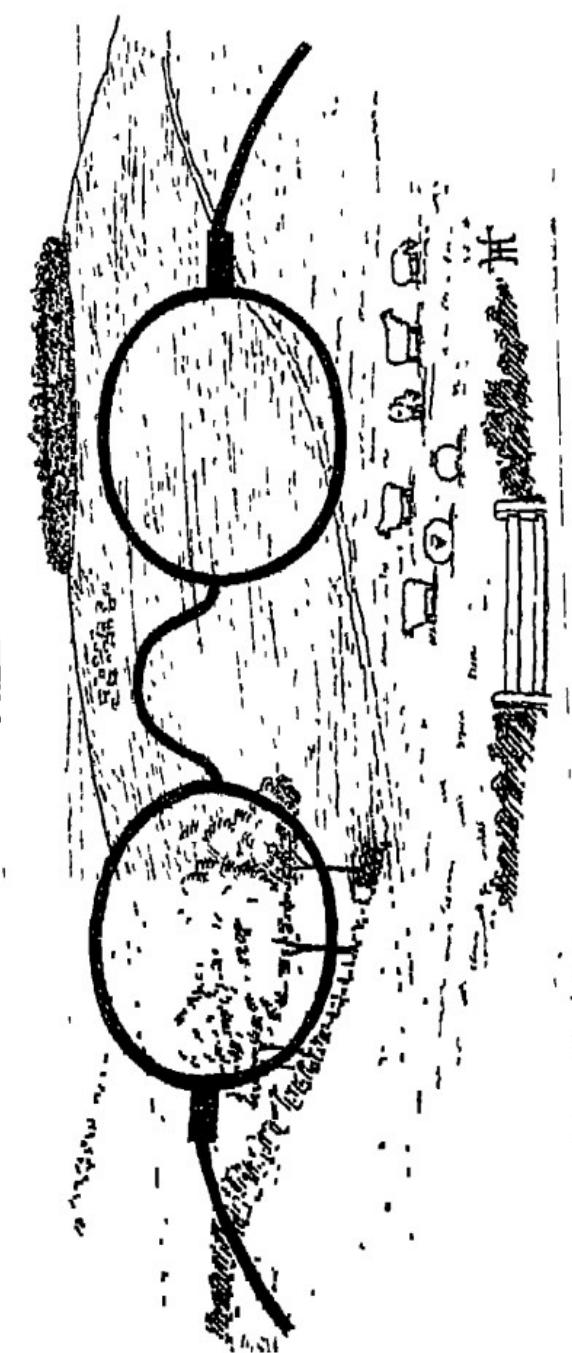
IN A EWELEAZE NEAR
WEATHERBURY

THE years have gathered grayly
Since I danced upon this leaze
With one who kindled gaily
Love's fitful ecstasies !
But despite the term as teacher,
I remain what I was then
In each essential feature
Of the fantasies of men.

Yet I note the little chisel
Of never-napping Time,

Defacing ghast and grizzel
The blazon of my prume.
When at night he thinks me sleeping,
I feel him boring sly
Within my bones, and heaping
Quaintest pains for by-and-by.

Still, I'd go the world with Beauty,
I would laugh with her and sing,
I would shun divinest duty
To resume her worshipping.
But she'd scorn my brave endeavour,
She would not balm the breeze
By murmuring "Thine for ever!"
As she did upon this leaze.



ADDITIONS

THE FIRE AT TRANTER SWEATLEY'S

THEY had long met o' Zundays—her
true love and she—

And at junketings, maypoles, and flings ;
But she bode wi' a thirtover uncle, and he
Swore by noon and by night that her good-
man should be

Naibour Sweatley—a gaffer oft weak at the
knee

From taking o' sommat more cheerful than
tea—

Who tranted, and moved people's things.

She cried, "O pray pity me!" Nought would he hear;

Then with wild rainy eyes she obeyed.

She chid when her Love was for clinking off wi' her.

The pa'son was told, as the season drew near
To throw over pu'pit the names of the pair
As fitting one flesh to be made.

The wedding-day dawned and the morning drew on;

The couple stood bridegroom and bride;
The evening was passed, and when midnight had gone

The folks horned out, "God save the King,"
and anon

The two home-along gloomily hied.

The lover Tim Tankens mourned heart-sick
and drear

To be thus of his darling deprived:
He roamed in the dark ath'art field, mound,
and mere,

And, a'most without knowing it, found himself
near

The house of the tranter, and now of his Dear,
Where the lantern-light showed 'em arrived.

The bride sought her cham'er so calm and
so pale

That a Northern had thought her resigned;
But to eyes that had seen her in tide-times of
weal,

Like the white cloud o' smoke, the red battle-
field's vail,

That look spak' of havoc behind.

The bridegroom yet laitered a beaker to
drain,

Then reeled to the linhay for more,
When the candle-snoff kindled some chaff
from his grain—

Flames spread, and red vblankers, wi' might
and wi' main,

And round beams, thatch, and chimney-tun
roar.

Young Tim away yond, rafted up by the
light,

Through brimble and underwood tears,
Till he comes to the orchet, when crooping
thereright

In the lewth of a codlin-tree, bivering wi'
fright,

Wi' on'y her night-rail to screen her from
sight,

His lonesome young Ba'bree appears.

Her cwold little figure half-naked he views
Played about by the frolicsome breeze,
Her light-tripping totties, her ten little tooes,
All bare and besprinkled wi' Fall's chilly
dews,

While her great gallied eyes, through her
hair hanging loose,
Sheened as stars through a tardle o' trees.

She eyed en ; and, as when a weir-hatch is
drawn,

Her tears, penned by terror afore,

With a rushing of sobs in a shower were
strawn,
Till her power to pour 'em seemed wasted
and gone
From the heft o' misfortune she bore.

"O Tim, my *own* Tim I must call 'ee—I
will !

All the world ha' turned round on me so !
Can you help her who loved 'ee, though acting
so ill ?

Can you pity hei misery—feel for her still ?
When worse than hei body so quivering and
chill
Is her heart in its winter o' woe !

"I think I mid almost ha' borne it," she said,
"Had my griefs one by one come to
hand ;
But O, to be slave to thik husbird for bread,
And then, upon top o' that, driven to wed,
And then, upon top o' that, burnt out o' bed,
Is more than my nater can stand !"

Tim's soul like a lion 'ithin en outsprung—
(Tim had a gfeat soul when his feelings were
wrung)—

"Feel for 'ee, dear Barbice ?" he cried ;
And his warm working-jacket about her he
flung,
Made a back, horsed her up, till behind him
she clung
Like a chiel on a gipsy, her figure uphung
By the sleeves that around her he tied.

Over piggeries, and mixens, and apples, and
hay,

They lumpered straight into the night ;
And finding bylong where a halter-path lay,
At dawn reached Tim's house, on'y seen on
their way
By a naibour or two who were up wi' the day ;
But they gathered no clue to the sight.

Then tender Tim Tankens he searched here
and there
For some garment to clothe her fair skin ;

But though he had breeches and waistcoats
to spare,
He had nothing quite seemly for Barbree to
wear,
Who, half shrammed to death, stood and cried
on a chair
At the caddle she found herself in.

There was one thing to do, and that one thing
he did,
He lent her some clouts of his own,
And she took 'em perforce ; and while in 'em
she slid,
Tim turned to the winder, as modesty bid,
Thinking, "O that the picter my duty keeps
hid
To the sight o' my eyes mid be shown !"

In the tallet he stowed her ; there huddled
she lay,
Shortening sleeves, legs, and tails to her
limbs ;
But most o' the time in a mortal bad way,

Well knowing that there'd be the devil to pay
If 'twere found that, instead o' the elements'
 prey,

She was living in lodgings at Tim's.

"Where's the tranter?" said men and boys;
 "where can er be?"

"Where's the tranter?" said Barbree alone
"Where on e'th is the tranter?" said every-
 bod-y :

They sifted the dust of his perished roof-tree,
 And all they could find was a bone.

Then the uncle cried, "Lord, pray have
 mercy on me!"

And in terror began to repent.

But before 'twas complete, and till sure she
 was free,

Barbree drew up her loft-ladder, tight turned
 her key—

Tim bringing up breakfast and dinner and
 tea—

Till the news of her hiding got vent.

Then followed the custom-kept rout, shout,
and flare
Of a skimmington-ride through the naibour-
hood, ere

Folk had proof o' wold Sweatley's decay
Whereupon decent people all stood in a stare,
Saying Tim and his lodger should risk it, and
pair :

So he took her to church. An' some laugh-
ing lads there
Cried to Tim, "After Sweatley!" She said,
"I declare
I stand as a maiden to-day!"

Written 1866; printed 1875.

HEIRESS AND ARCHITECT

FOR A. W. B.

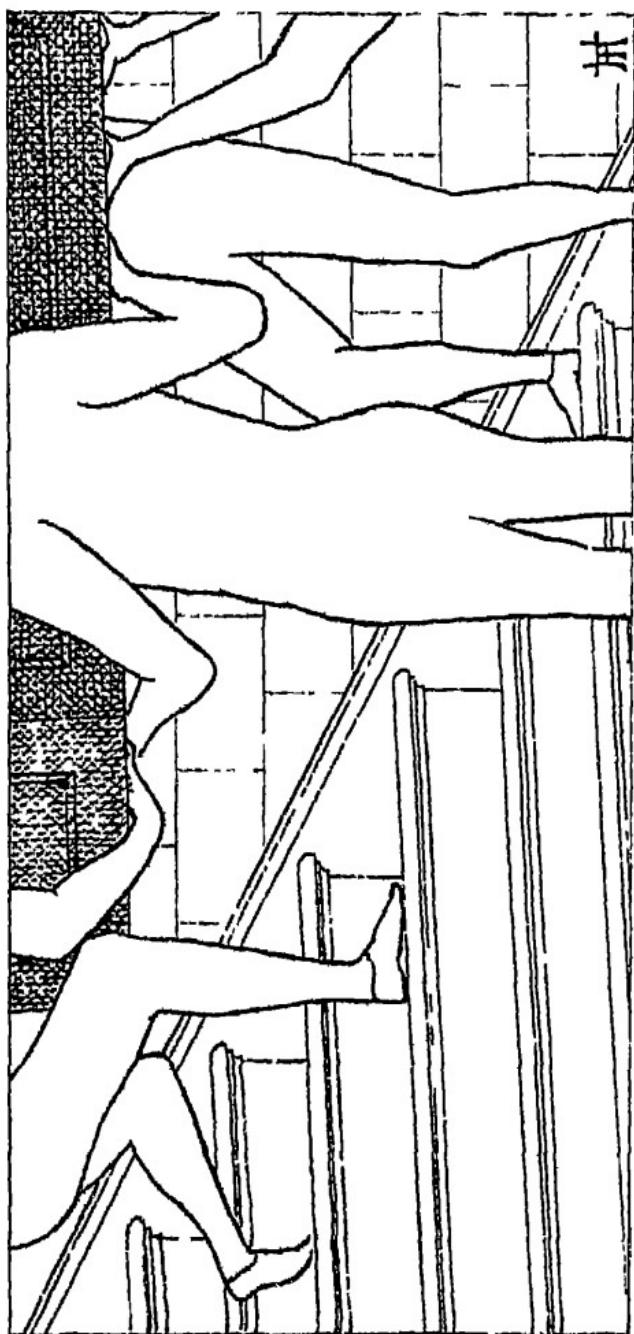
HE sought the Studios, beckoning to her
side
An arch-designer, for she planned to build.
He was of wise contrivance, deeply skilled
In every intervolve of high and wide—
Well fit to be her guide.

“Whatever it be,”
Responded he,
With cold, clear voice, and cold, clear view,

"In true accord with prudent fashionings
For such vicissitudes as living brings,
And thwarting not the law of stable things,
That will I do."

"Shape me," she said, "high halls with
tracery
And open ogive-work, that scent and hue
Of buds, and travelling bees, may come in
through,
The note of birds, and singings of the sea,
For these are much to me."

"An idle whum!"
Broke forth from him
Whom nought could warm to gallantries:
"Cede all these buds and birds, the zephyr's
call,
And scents, and hues, and things that falter all,
And choose as best the close and surly
wall,
For winters freeze."



"Then frame," she cried, "wide fronts of
crystal glass,
That I may show my laughter and my light—
Light like the sun's by day, the stars' by
night—
Till rival heart-queens, envying, wail, 'Alas,
Her glory !' as they pass."

"O maid misled!"
He sternly said,
Whose facile foresight pierced her dire ;
"Where shall abide the soul when, sick of glee,
It shuns, and hides, and prays no eye may
see ?
Those house them best who house for secrecy,
For you will tire."

"A little chamber, then, with swan and dove
Ranged thickly, and engrailed with rare device
Of reds and purples, for a Paradise
Wherein my Love may greet me, I my Love,
When he shall know thereof?"

“This, too, is ill,”
He answered still,
The man who swayed her like a shade.
“An hour will come when sight of such
sweet nook
Would bring a bitterness too sharp to brook,
When brighter eyes have won away his look ;
For you will fade.”

Then said she faintly : “O, contrive some
way—
Some narrow winding turret, quite mine own,
To reach a loft where I may grieve alone !
It is a slight thing ; hence do not, I pray,
This last dear fancy slay !”

“ Such winding ways
Fit not your days,”
Said he, the man of measuring eye ;
“ I must even fashion as my rule declares,
To wit : Give space (since life ends unawares)
To hale a coffined corpse adown the stairs ;
For you will die.”

THE TWO MEN

THERE were two youths of equal age,
Wit, station, strength, and parentage;
They studied at the selfsame schools,
And shaped their thoughts by common
rules.

One pondered on the life of man,
His hopes, his ending, and began
To rate the Market's sordid war
As something scarce worth living for.

"I'll brace to higher aims," said he,
"I'll further Truth and Purity ;
Thereby to mend the mortal lot
And sweeten sorrow. Thrive I not,

"Winning their hearts, my kind will give
Enough that I may lowly live,
And house my Love in some dim dell,
For pleasing them and theirs so well."

Idly attired, with features wan,
In secret swift he laboured on :
Such press of power had brought much gold
Applied to things of meaner mould.

Sometimes he wished his aims had been
To gather gains like other men ;
Then thanked his God he'd traced his track
Too far for wish to drag him back.

He looked from his loft one day
To where his slighted garden lay ;
Nettles and hemlock hid each lawn,
And every flower was starved and gone.

He fainted in his heart, whereon
He rose, and sought his plighted one,
Resolved to loose her bond withal,
Lest she should perish in his fall.

He met her with a careless air,
As though he'd ceased to find her fair,
And said : " True love is dust to me ;
I cannot kiss : I tire of thee ! "

(That she might scorn him was he fain,
To put her sooner out of pain ;
For incensed love breathes quick and dies,
When famished love a-lingerer lies.)

Once done, his soul was so betossed,
It found no more the force it lost :
Hope was his only drink and food,
And hope extinct, decay ensued.

And, living long so closely penned,
He had not kept a single friend ;
He dwindled thin as phantoms be,
And drooped to death in poverty. . .

Meantime his schoolmate had gone out
To join the fortune-finding rout ;
He liked the winnings of the mart,
But wearied of the working part.

He turned to seek a privy lair,
Neglecting note of garb and hair,
And day by day reclined and thought
How he might live by doing nought.

“I plan a valued scheme,” he said
To some. “But lend me of your bread,
And when the vast result looms nigh,
In profit you shall stand as I.”

Yet they took counsel to restrain
Their kindness till they saw the gain ;
And, since his substance now had run,
He rose to do what might be done.

He went unto his Love by night,
And said : “My Love, I faint in fight :
Deserving as thou dost a crown,
My cares shall never drag thee down.”

(He had descended a maid whose line
Would hand her on much corn and wine,
And held her far in worth above
One who could only pray and love.)

But this Fair lead him ; whence he failed
To do the deed so blithely haled ;
He saw his projects wholly marred,
And gloom and want oppressed him hard ;

Till, living to so mean an end,
Whereby he'd lost his every friend,
He perished in a pauper sty,
His mate the dying pauper nigh.

And moralists, reflecting, said,
As "dust to dust" in burial read
Was echoed from each coffin-lid,
"These men were like in all they did."

LINEs

*Spoken by Miss ADA REHAN at the Lyceum Theatre,
July 23, 1890, at a performance on behalf of Lady
Jeune's Holiday Fund for City Children*

B EFORE we part to alien thoughts and
aims,

Permit the one brief word the occasion claims :
— When mumming and grave projects are
allied,

Perhaps an Epilogue is justified.

Our under-purpose has, in truth, to-day
Commanded most our musings ; least the play :

A purpose futile but for your good-will
Swiftly responsive to the cry of ill :
A purpose all too limited !—to aid
Faint human flowerets, sickled by the
shade,
In winning some short spell of upland breeze,
Or strengthening sunlight on the level leas.

Who has not marked, where the full cheek
should be,
Incipient lines of lank flaccidity,
Lymphatic pallor where the pink should
glow,
And where the throb of transport, pulses
low ?—
Most tragical of shapes from Pole to Line,
O wondering child, unwitting Time's design,
Why should Art add to Nature's quandary,
And worsen ill by thus immuring thee ?
—That races do despite unto their own,
That Might supernal do indeed condone
Wrongs individual for the general ease,
Instance the proof in victims such as these.

Launched into thoroughfares too thronged
before,
Mothered by those whose protest is "No
more!"
Vitalized without option: who shall say
That did Life hang on choosing—Yea or
Nay—
They had not scorned it with such pen-
alty,
And nothingness implored of Destiny ?

And yet behind the horizon smile serene
The down, the cornland, and the stretching
green—
Space—the child's heaven: scenes which at
least ensure
Some palliative for ill they cannot cure.

Dear friends—now moved by this poor show
of ours
To make your own long joy in buds and
bowers

“I LOOK INTO MY GLASS”

I LOOK into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, “Would God it came to
pass
My heart had shrunk as thin !”

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide ;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbings of noontide.

THE END

MACMILLAN'S
THREE-AND-SIXPENNY
LIBRARY OF BOOKS
BY POPULAR AUTHORS

Crown 8vo.

THIS Series, which comprises over four hundred volumes in various departments of Literature, has lately received some notable additions. Prominent among these is a new and attractive edition of The Works of Thackeray, issued under the editorship of Mr. Lewis Melville. It contains all the Original Illustrations, and includes a great number of scattered pieces and illustrations which have not hitherto appeared in any collected edition of the works. The Works of Charles Dickens, reprinted from the first editions, with all the Original Illustrations, and with Introductions, Biographical and Bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the Younger, and an attractive edition of The Novels of Charles Lever, illustrated by Phiz and G. Cruik-

shank, have also a place in the Library. The attention of book buyers may be especially directed to The Border Edition of the Waverley Novels, edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, which, with its large type and convenient form, and its copious illustrations by well-known artists, possesses features which place it in the forefront of editions now obtainable of the famous novels. The Works of Mr. Thomas Hardy, including the poems, have also been recently added to the Three-and-Sixpenny Library. Among other works by notable contemporary authors will be found those of Mr F. Marion Crawford, Rolf Boldrewood, Mr. H. G. Wells, Gertrude Atherton, Mr. Egerton Castle, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Maarten Maartens, and Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey; while among the productions of an earlier period may be mentioned the works of Charles Kingsley, Frederick Denison Maurice, Thomas Hughes, and Dean Farrar; and the novels and tales of Charlotte M. Yonge, Mrs. Craik, and Mrs. Oliphant.

THE

WORKS OF THACKERAY

*Reprints of the First Editions, with all the Original Illustrations,
and with Facsimiles of Wrappers, etc.*

Messrs. MACMILLAN & CO., Limited, beg leave to invite the attention of book buyers to the Edition of THE WORKS OF THACKERAY in their Three-and-Sixpenny Library, which, when finished, will be the Completest Edition of the Author's Works which has been placed on the market.

The Publishers have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. LEWIS MELVILLE, the well-known Thackeray Expert. With his assistance they have been able to include in this Edition a great number of scattered pieces from Thackeray's pen, and illustrations from his pencil which have not hitherto been contained in any collected edition of the works. Mr Melville has read all the sheets as they passed through the press, and collated them carefully with the original editions. He has also provided Bibliographical Introductions and occasional Footnotes.

List of the Series.

VOL.

1. Vanity Fair. With 190 Illustrations.
2. The History of Pendennis. With 180 Illustrations.
3. The Newcomes. With 167 Illustrations.
. The History of Henry Esmond.
- 5 The Virginians. With 148 Illustrations.
6. Barry Lyndon and Catherine. With 4 Illustrations.
- 7 The Paris and Irish Sketch Books. With 63 Illustrations

vol THACKERAY'S WORKS—*continued.*

8. Christmas Books—MRS. PERKINS'S
BALL: OUR STREET · DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG
FRIENDS · THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE: THE
ROSE AND THE RING. With 127 Illustrations.
9. Burlesques: From Cornhill to Grand
Cairo · and Juvenilia With 84 Illustrations.
10. The Book of Snobs, and other Contribu-
tions to *Punch*. With 159 Illustrations.
11. The Yellowplush Correspondence :
Jeames's Diary: The Great Hoggarty Diamond Etc.
With 47 Illustrations.
12. Critical Papers in Literature.
13. Critical Papers in Art; Stubbs's Calen-
dar · Barber Cox. With 99 Illustrations.
14. Lovel the Widower, and other Stories.
With 40 Illustrations.
15. The Fitz-Boodle Papers (including
Men's Wives), and various Articles. 8 Illustrations.
16. The English Humourists of the 18th
Century: The Four Georges: Etc. 45 Illustrations.
17. Travels in London: Letters to a Young
Man about Town: and other Contributions to *Punch*
(1845—1850). With 73 Illustrations.
18. Ballads and Verses, and Miscellaneous
Contributions to *Punch*. With 78 Illustrations.
19. A Shabby Genteel Story, and The
Adventures of Philip. With Illustrations.

MACMILLAN'S
EDITION OF THACKERAY

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

EXPOSITORY TIMES.—"An edition to do credit even to this publishing house, and not likely to be surpassed until they surpass it with a cheaper and better themselves."

WHITEHALL REVIEW—"Never before has such a cheap and excellent edition of Thackeray been seen"

ACADEMY.—"A better one-volume edition at three shillings and sixpence could not be desired."

GRAPHIC.—"In its plain but pretty blue binding is both serviceable and attractive."

DAILY GRAPHIC.—"An excellent, cheap reprint."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"The size of the books is handy, paper and printing are good, and the binding, which is of blue cloth, is simple but tasteful. Altogether the publishers are to be congratulated upon a reprint which ought to be popular."

GLOBE.—"The paper is thin but good, the type used is clear to read, and the binding is neat and effective."

LADY'S PICTORIAL.—"The paper is good, the type clear and large, and the binding tasteful. Messrs. Macmillan are to be thanked for so admirable and inexpensive an edition of our great satirist."

WORLD—"Nothing could be better than the new edition."

BLACK AND WHITE.—"The more one sees of the edition the more enamoured of it he becomes. It is so good and neat, immaculate as to print, and admirably bound."

SCOTSMAN.—"This admirable edition."

LITERARY WORLD.—"The paper and printing and general get up are everything that one could desire."

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.—"A clear and pretty edition."

THE
WORKS OF DICKENS

Reprints of the First Editions, with all the original Illustrations,
and with Introductions, Biographical and Bibliographical,
by CHARLES DICKENS the Younger.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. With 50 Illustrations

OLIVER TWIST. With 27 Illustrations.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With 44 Illustrations.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 41 Illustrations.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With 97 Illustra-
tions.

BARNABY RUDGE. With 76 Illustrations.

DOMBEY AND SON. With 40 Illustrations.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. With 65 Illustrations.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. With 44 Illustrations.

**AMERICAN NOTES AND PICTURES FROM
ITALY.** With 4 Illustrations.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. With 40 Illustrations.

BLEAK HOUSE. With 43 Illustrations.

LITTLE DORRIT. With 40 Illustrations.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. With 15 Illustrations.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS; AND HARD TIMES.

MACMILLAN'S EDITION OF DICKENS

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ATHENÆUM.—“Handy in form, well printed, illustrated with reproductions of the original plates, introduced with bibliographical notes by the novelist's son, and above all issued at a most moderate price, this edition will appeal successfully to a large number of readers”

SPEAKER.—“We do not think there exists a better edition.”

MORNING POST.—“The edition will be highly appreciated.”

SCOTSMAN.—“This reprint offers peculiar attractions. Of a handy size, in one volume, of clear, good-sized print, and with its capital comic illustrations, it is a volume to be desired”

NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE.—“The most satisfactory edition of the book that has been issued.”

GLASGOW HERALD.—“None of the recent editions of Dickens can be compared with that which Messrs. Macmillan inaugurate with the issue of *Pickwick* . . . Printed in a large, clear type, very readable.”

GLOBE.—“They have used an admirably clear type and good paper, and the binding is unexceptionable. . . . May be selected as the most desirable cheap edition of the immortal ‘Papers’ that has ever been offered to the public.”

MANCHESTER EXAMINER.—“Handy in form, well printed, illustrated with reduced reproductions of the original plates, introduced with bibliographical notes by the novelist's son, and above all issued at a moderate price, this edition will appeal successfully to a large number of readers.”

THE QUEEN.—“A specially pleasant and convenient form in which to re-read Dickens.”

THE STAR.—“This new ‘Dickens Series,’ with its reproductions of the original illustrations, is a joy to the possessor.”

Complete in Twenty-four Volumes. Crown 8vo, tastefully bound in green cloth, gilt. Price 3s 6d. each.

In special cloth binding, flat backs, gilt tops. Supplied in Sets only of 24 volumes. Price £4 4s.

Also an edition with all the 250 original etchings. In 24 volumes. Crown 8vo, gilt tops. Price 6s. each.

THE LARGE TYPE
BORDER EDITION OF THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS

EDITED WITH

INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS AND NOTES

BY

ANDREW LANG

SUPPLEMENTING THOSE OF THE AUTHOR.

With Two Hundred and Fifty New and Original Illustrations by Eminent Artists.

BY the kind permission of the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL-SCOTT, of Abbotsford, the great-granddaughter of Sir WALTER, the MSS. and other material at Abbotsford were examined by Mr. ANDREW LANG during the preparation of his Introductory Essays and Notes to the Series, so that the BORDER EDITION may be said to contain all the results of the latest researches as to the composition of the Waverley Novels.

The Border Waverley

1. WAVERLEY. With 12 Illustrations by Sir H. RAE-BURN, R.A., R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., JOHN PETTIE, R.A., H. MACBETH-RAEBURN, D. HERDMAN, W. J. LEITCH, ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A., and J. ECKFORD LAUDER.
2. GUY MANNERING With 10 Illustrations by J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., C. O. MURRAY, CLARK STANTON, R.S.A., GOURLAY STEELL, R.S.A., F. S. WALKER, R. HERDMAN, R.S.A., and J. B. MACDONALD, A.R.S.A.
3. THE ANTIQUARY. With 10 Illustrations by J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., R. HERDMAN, R.S.A., W. M'TAGGART, A.R.S.A., J. B. MACDONALD, A.R.S.A., and A. H. TOURRIER.
4. ROB ROY. With 10 Illustrations by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., and SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.
5. OLD MORTALITY. With 10 Illustrations by J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., R. HERDMAN, R.S.A., SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., M. L. GOW, D. Y. CAMERON, LOCKHART BOGLE, and ALFRED HARTLEY.
6. THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. With 10 Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., HUGH CAMERON, R.S.A.; SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., R. HERDMAN, R.S.A., and WAL PAGET.
7. A LEGEND OF MONTROSE and THE BLACK DWARF With 7 Illustrations by Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A., GEORGE HAY, R.S.A., HORATIO MACCULLOCH, R.S.A., W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A., H. MACBETH-RAEBURN, and T. SCOTT.
8. THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. With 8 Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., JOHN SMART, R.S.A., SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., GEORGE HAY, R.S.A., and H. MACBETH-RAEBURN.
9. IVANHOE. With 12 Illustrations by AD. LALAUZE.
10. THE MONASTERY. With 10 Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.
11. THE ABBOT. With 10 Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.

The Border Waverley

12. KENILWORTH. With 12 Illustrations by AD. LALAUZE.
13. THE PIRATE. With 10 Illustrations by W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A., SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., HERBERT DICKSEE, W. STRANG, LOCKHART BOGLE, C. J. HOLMES, and F. S. WALKER
14. THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. With 10 Illustrations by JOHN PETTIE, R.A., and R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.
15. PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. With 15 Illustrations by W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. JOHN PETTIE, R.A., F. DADD, R.I., ARTHUR HOPKINS, A.R.W.S., and S. L. WOOD
16. QUENTIN DURWARD. With 12 Illustrations by AD. LALAUZE.
17. ST. RONAN'S WELL. With 10 Illustrations by Sir G. REID, P.R.S.A., R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., W. HOLE, R.S.A., and A. FORESTIER
18. REDGAUNTLET. With 12 Illustrations by Sir JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I., JAMES ORROCK, R.I., SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., W. HOLE, R.S.A., G. HAY, R.S.A., T. SCOTT, A.R.S.A., W. BOUCHER, and FRANK SHORT.
19. THE BETROTHED and THE TALISMAN. With 10 Illustrations by HERBERT DICKSEE, WAL. PAGE, and J. LE BLANT.
20. WOODSTOCK. With 10 Illustrations by W. HOLE, R.S.A.
21. THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH. With 10 Illustrations by Sir G. REID, P.R.S.A., JOHN PETTIE, R.A., R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., and ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.
22. ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN. With 10 Illustrations by R. DE LOS RIOS.
23. COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS and THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER. With 10 Illustrations by W. HATHERELL, R.I., and W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.
24. CASTLE DANGEROUS, CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE, ETC. With 10 Illustrations by H. MACBETH-RABURN and G. D. ARMOUR

The Border Waverley

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

TIMEs.—“It would be difficult to find in these days a more competent and sympathetic editor of Scott than his countryman, the brilliant and versatile man of letters who has undertaken the task, and if any proof were wanted either of his qualifications or of his skill and discretion in displaying them, Mr. Lang has furnished it abundantly in his charming Introduction to ‘Waverley.’ The editor’s own notes are judiciously sparing, but conspicuously to the point, and they are very discreetly separated from those of the author, Mr. Lang’s laudable purpose being to illustrate and explain Scott, not to make the notes a pretext for displaying his own critical faculty and literary erudition. The illustrations by various competent hands are beautiful in themselves and beautifully executed, and, altogether, the ‘Border Edition’ of the Waverley Novels bids fair to become the classical edition of the great Scottish classic.”

SPECTATOR.—“We trust that this fine edition of our greatest and most poetical of novelists will attain, if it has not already done so, the high popularity it deserves. To all Scott’s lovers it is a pleasure to know that, despite the daily and weekly inrush of ephemeral fiction, the sale of his works is said by the booksellers to rank next below Tennyson’s in poetry, and above that of everybody else in prose.”

ATHENÆUM.—“The handsome ‘Border Edition’ has been brought to a successful conclusion. The publisher deserves to be complimented on the manner in which the edition has been printed and illustrated, and Mr. Lang on the way in which he has performed his portion of the work. His introductions have been tasteful and readable; he has not overdone his part; and, while he has supplied much useful information, he has by no means overburdened the volumes with notes.”

NOTES AND QUERIES—“This spirited and ambitious enterprise has been conducted to a safe termination, and the most ideal edition of the Waverley Novels in existence is now completed”

SATURDAY REVIEW—“Of all the many collections of the Waverley Novels, the ‘Border Edition’ is incomparably the most handsome and the most desirable . . . Type, paper, illustrations, are altogether admirable.”

MAGAZINE OF ART.—“Size, type, paper, and printing, to say nothing of the excessively liberal and charming introduction of the illustrations, make this perhaps the most desirable edition of Scott ever issued on this side of the Border.”

DAILY CHRONICLE.—“There is absolutely no fault to be found with it, as to paper, type, or arrangement”

THE WORKS OF
THOMAS HARDY

Collected Edition

1. TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.
2. FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.
3. THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.
4. A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.
5. TWO ON A TOWER
6. THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.
7. THE WOODLANDERS.
8. JUDE THE OBSCURE.
9. THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.
10. THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA.
11. A LAODICEAN.
12. DESPERATE REMEDIES.
13. WESSEX TALES.
14. LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.
15. A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES.
16. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.
17. THE WELL-BELOVED.
18. WESSEX POEMS, and other Verses.
19. POEMS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

THE
WORKS OF THOMAS HARDY
SOME PRESS OPINIONS OF THE THREE-AND-SIXPENNY ISSUE

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—“. . . their charming edition of the works of Thomas Hardy . . . the price asked for it . . . is absurdly cheap. . . . Any more convenient and beautiful form of presentation for these books it would be difficult to find.”

ATHENÆUM.—“This edition is so comely and so moderate in price that it may well placate those who have sighed for earlier issues out of their reach. Mr Hardy's prefaces to the volumes should not be missed, for they are models of a difficult art, whether reflective, informative, or combative.”

UNIFORM EDITION OF THE
NOVELS OF CHARLES LEVER

With all the Original Illustrations.

1. HARRY LORREQUER. Illustrated by PHIZ.
2. CHARLES O'MALLEY. Illustrated by PHIZ.
3. JACK HINTON THE GUARDSMAN. Illustrated by PHIZ.
4. TOM BURKE OF OURS. Illustrated by PHIZ.
5. ARTHUR O'LEARY. Illustrated by G. CRUIKSHANK.
6. LORD KILGOBBIN. Illustrated by LUKE FILDES.

THE NOVELS OF F. MARION CRAWFORD

MR. ISAACS: A Tale of Modern India.

ATHENÆUM—"A work of unusual ability . . . It fully deserves the notice it is sure to attract."

DOCTOR CLAUDIUS. A True Story

ATHENÆUM—"Few recent books have been so difficult to lay down when once begun."

A ROMAN SINGER.

TIME'S.—"A masterpiece of narrative. Unlike any other romance in English literature"

ZOROASTER.

GUARDIAN—"An instance of the highest and noblest form of novel . . . Alike in the originality of its conception and the power with which it is wrought out, it stands on a level that is almost entirely its own"

MARZIO'S CRUCIFIX.

TIME'S.—"A subtle compound of artistic feeling, avarice, malice, and criminal frenzy is this carver of silver chalices and crucifixes."

A TALE OF A LONELY PARISH.

GUARDIAN—"The tale is written with all Mr. Crawford's skill"

PAUL PATOFF.

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE—"Those who neglect to read *Paul Patooff* will throw away a very pleasurable opportunity"

WITH THE IMMORTALS.

SPECTATOR—"Cannot fail to please a reader who enjoys crisp, clear, vigorous writing, and thoughts that are alike original and suggestive"

GREIFENSTEIN.

SPECTATOR—"Altogether, we like *Greifenstein* decidedly—so much so as to doubt whether it does not dislodge *A Roman Singer* from the place hitherto occupied by the latter as our favourite amongst Mr. Crawford's novels"

TAQUISARA: A Novel.

PALL MALL GAZETTE—"Cannot fail to be read with interest and pleasure by all to whom clever characterisation and delicate drawing make appeal."

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.

SPEAKER—"There is something in *A Rose of Yesterday* which makes the book linger with a distinct aroma of its own in the reader's memory"

SANT' ILARIO.

ATHENÆUM—"The plot is skilfully concocted, and the interest is sustained to the end . . . A very clever piece of work."

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE.

GLOBE.—"We are inclined to think this is the best of Mr. Marion Crawford's stories."

KHALED: A Tale of Arabia.

ANTI-JACOBIN—"Mr. Crawford has written some stories more powerful, but none more attractive than this"

THE THREE FATES.

NATIONAL OBSERVER—"Increases in strength and in interest even to the end."

THE NOVELS OF F. MARION CRAWFORD

THE WITCH OF PRAGUE

ACADEMY—"It is no remarkable book as to be certain of its wide popularity as any of its predecessors; it is a romance of singular daring and power."

MARION DARCHE · A Story without Comment.

ATHENÆUM—"Readers in search of a good novel may be recommended to lose no time in making the acquaintance of Marion Darche, her devoted friends, and her one enemy."

KATHARINE LAUDERDALE

PUNCH—"Admirable in its simple pathos, its unforced humour, and, above all, in its truth to human nature."

THE CHILDREN OF THE KING.

DAILY CHRONICLE—"Mr. Crawford has not done better than *The Children of the King* for a long time. The story itself is a simple and beautiful one."

PIETRO GHISLERI.

SPEAKER—"Mr. Marion Crawford is an artist, and a great one, and he has been brilliantly successful in a task in which ninety nine out of every hundred writers would have failed."

DON ORSINO.

ATHENÆUM—"Don Orsino is a story with many strong points, and it is told with all the spirit we have been wont to expect from its author."

CASA BRACCIO.

GUARDIAN—"A very powerful story and a finished work of art."

ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON.

DAILY NEWS—"Mr. Crawford has written stories richer in incident and more powerful in intention, but we do not think that he has handled more deftly or shown a more delicate insight into tendencies that go towards making some of the more spiritual tragedies of life."

THE RALSTONS

ATHENÆUM—"The present instalment of what promises to be a very voluminous family history, increasing in interest and power as it develops, turns upon the death of Robert and the disposition of his millions, which afford ample scope for the author's pleasantly ingenious talent in raising and surmounting difficulties of details."

CORLEONE · A Tale of Sicily.

PALL MALL GAZETTE—"A splendid romance"

VIA CRUCIS: A Romance of the Second Crusade.

GRAPHIC—"A stirring story."

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING. A Love Story of Old Madrid.

SPECTATOR—"A truly thrilling tale"

CECILIA · A Story of Modern Rome.

TIMES—"Thoroughly interesting from beginning to end . . . Fully worthy of his reputation."

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—"Can only enhance Mr. Crawford's reputation . . . Admirably treated with all the subtlety, finesse, and delicacy which are characteristic of the author at his best."

MARIETTA · A Maid of Venice.

PUNCH—"Marion Crawford is at his very best in *Marietta, A Maid of Venice*. It is a powerfully dramatic story of Venice under 'The Ten,' told in a series of picturesque scenes described in strikingly artistic word-painting, the action being carried on by well-imagined clearly-defined characters."

**THE NOVELS OF
ROLF BOLDREWOOD**

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS.

A STORY OF LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN THE BUSH AND IN THE GOLD-FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

GUARDIAN—"A singularly spirited and stirring tale of Australian life, chiefly in the remoter settlements."

A MODERN BUCCANEER.

DAILY CHRONICLE—"We do not forget *Robbery under Arms*, or any of its various successors, when we say that Rolf Boldrewood has never done anything so good as *A Modern Buccaneer*. It is good, too, in a manner which is for the author a new one."

THE MINER'S RIGHT.

A TALE OF THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS

WORLD—"Full of good passages, passages abounding in vivacity, in the colour and play of life. The pith of the book lies in its singularly fresh and vivid pictures of the humours of the gold-fields—tragic humour enough they are, too, here and again."

THE SQUATTER'S DREAM.

FIELD—"The details are filled in by a hand evidently well conversant with his subject, and everything is *ben trovato*, if not actually true. A perusal of these cheerfully-written pages will probably give a better idea of realities of Australian life than could be obtained from many more pretentious works."

A SYDNEY-SIDE SAXON.

GLASGOW HERALD—"The interest never flags, and altogether *A Sydney Side Saxon* is a really refreshing book."

A COLONIAL REFORMER.

ATHENÆUM—"A series of natural and entertaining pictures of Australian life, which are, above all things, readable."

NEVERMORE.

OBSERVER—"An exciting story of Ballarat in the 'fifties. Its hero, Lance Trevanion, is a character which for force of delineation has no equal in Rolf Boldrewood's previous novels."

PLAIN LIVING. A Bush Idyll.

ACADEMY—"A hearty story, deriving charm from the odours of the bush and the bleating of incalculable sheep."

MY BUN HOME

ATHENÆUM—"Rolf Boldrewood's last story is a racy volume. It has many of the best qualities of Whyte Melville, the breezy freshness and vigour of Frank Smedley, with the dash and something of the abandon of Lever. . His last volume is one of his best."

THE SEALSKIN CLOAK.

TIMES—"A well-written story."

THE CROOKED STICK; or, Pollie's Probation.

ACADEMY—"A charming picture of Australian station life."

OLD MELBOURNE MEMORIES.

NATIONAL OBSERVER—"His book deserves to be read in England with as much appreciation as it has already gained in the country of its birth."

A ROMANCE OF CANVAS TOWN, and other Stories.

ATHENÆUM—"The book is interesting for its obvious insight into life in the Australian bush."

WAR TO THE KNIFE, or, Tangata Maori.

ACADEMY—"A stirring romance."

BABES IN THE BUSH.

OUTLOOK—"A lively and picturesque story."

DAILY TELEGRAPH—"Bristles with thrilling incident."

IN BAD COMPANY, and other Stories.

DAILY NEWS—"The best work this popular author has done for some time."

By H. G. WELLS

- THE PLATTNER STORY: and others
TALES OF SPACE AND TIME
THE STOLEN BACILLUS: and other Incidents.
THE INVISIBLE MAN. A Grotesque Romance.
Eighth Edition.
LOVE AND MR. LEWISHAM. A Story of a very
Young Couple.
WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES.
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.
TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM.

By A. E. W. MASON

- THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER.
THE PHILANDERERS.
MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY.

By EGERTON CASTLE

- THE BATH COMEDY.
THE PRIDE OF JENNICO. Being a Memoir of
Captain Basil Jennico.
THE LIGHT OF SCARTHEY. A Romance.
"LA BELLA," AND OTHERS.
"YOUNG APRIL."

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

- AN OLD MAID'S LOVE. A Dutch Tale told in
English
THE GREATER GLORY. A Story of High Life.
MY LADY NOBODY. A Novel.
GOD'S FOOL. A Koopstad Story.
THE SIN OF JOOST AVELINGH. A Dutch Story.
HER MEMORY.

THE NOVELS OF ROSA N. CAREY

Over Half-a-Million of these works have been printed.

47th Thousand

NELLIE'S MEMORIES

STANDARD—"Miss Carey has the gift of writing naturally and simply, her pathos is true and unforced, and her conversations are sprightly and witty."

33d Thousand

WEE WIFIE

LADY—"Miss Carey's novels are always welcome, they are out of the common run, immaculately pure, and very high in tone."

29th Thousand

BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL.

DAILY TELEGRAPH—"A novel of a sort which it would be a real loss to miss."

25th Thousand

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

STANDARD—"Robert Ord's *Atonement* is a delightful book, very quiet as to its story, but very strong in character, and instinct with that delicate pathos which is the salient point of all the writings of this author."

32nd Thousand

WOODED AND MARRIED.

STANDARD—"There is plenty of romance in the heroine's life. But it would not be fair to tell our readers wherein that romance consists or how it ends. Let them read the book for themselves. We will undertake to promise that they will like it."

24th Thousand

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

MORNING POST—"Deserves to be extensively known and read. . . Will doubtless find as many admirers as readers."

29th Thousand

QUEENIE'S WHIM.

GUARDIAN—"A thoroughly good and wholesome story."

35th Thousand

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

PALL MALL GAZETTE—"Like all the other stories we have had from the same gifted pen, this volume, *Not Like Other Girls*, takes a sane and healthy view of life and its concerns. It is an excellent story to put in the hands of girls."

NEW YORK HOME JOURNAL—"One of the sweetest, daintiest, and most interesting of the season's publications."

24th Thousand.

MARY ST. JOHN.

JOHN BULL—"The story is a simple one, but told with much grace and unaffected pathos."

23rd Thousand

FOR LILIAS.

VANITY FAIR—"A simple, earnest, and withal very interesting story; well conceived, carefully worked out, and sympathetically told."

28th Thousand.

UNCLE MAX.

LADY—"So intrinsically good that the world of novel-readers ought to be genuinely grateful."

21st Thousand

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE.

BOOKMAN—"Fresh and charming . . . A piece of distinctly good work

THE NOVELS OF ROSA N. CAREY

Over Half-a-Million of these works have been printed.

34th Thousand.

ONLY THE GOVERNESS

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"This novel is for those who like stories with something of Jane Austen's power, but with more intensity of feeling than Jane Austen displayed, who are not inclined to call pathos, twaddle, and who care to see life and human nature in their most beautiful form."

24th Thousand.

LOVER OR FRIEND?

GUARDIAN.—"The refinement of style and delicacy of thought will make *Lover or Friend?* popular with all readers who are not too deeply bitten with a desire for things improbable in their lighter literature."

21st Thousand.

BASIL LYNDHURST

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"We doubt whether anything has been written of late years so fresh, so pretty, so thoroughly natural and bright. The novel as a whole is charming."

22nd Thousand.

SIR GODFREY'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS.

OBSERVER.—"A capital story. The interest steadily grows, and by the time one reaches the third volume the story has become enthralling."

24th Thousand.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

DAILY NEWS.—"Miss Carey's fluent pen has not lost its power of writing fresh and wholesome fiction."

24th Thousand.

THE MISTRESS OF BRAE FARM.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"Miss Carey's untiring pen loses none of its power, and her latest work is as gracefully written, as full of quiet home charm, as fresh and wholesome, so to speak, as its many predecessors."

12th Thousand

MRS. ROMNEY and "BUT MEN MUST WORK"

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"By no means the least attractive of the works of this charming writer."

New Impression.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES.

BRADFORD OBSERVER.—"There is a quiet charm about this story which finds its way into the innermost shrines of his. The book is wholesome and good, and cannot fail to give pleasure to those who love beauty."

25th Thousand.

HERB OF GRACE.

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"A clever delineator of character, possessed of a reserve of strength in a quiet, easy, flowing style, Miss Carey never fails to please a large class of readers. *Herb of Grace* is no exception to the rule."

20th Thousand.

THE HIGHWAY OF FATE.

BOOKMAN.—"This pretty love story . . . is charming, sparkling, and never mawkish."

19th Thousand.

A PASSAGE PERILOUS.

TIMES.—"Told with all Miss Carey's usual charm of quiet, well bred sentiment."

OUTLOOK.—"A pretty story of English country-house life during the terribly anxious 'waiting days' of Ladysmith. The soldier's young bride is charmingly suggested and the love portions approach the idyllic."

THE NOVELS AND TALES OF CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. With Illustrations by KATE GREENAWAY.

HEARTSEASE; or, the Brother's Wife. New Edition. With Illustrations by KATE GREENAWAY

HOPES AND FEARS; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. With Illustrations by HERBERT GANDY

DYNEVOR TERRACE, or, the Clue of Life. With Illustrations by ADRIAN STOKES.

THE DAISY CHAIN; or, Aspirations. A Family Chronicle. With Illustrations by J. P. ATKINSON

THE TRIAL: More Links of the Daisy Chain. With Illustrations by J. P. ATKINSON.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE; or, Under Wode, under Rode. Two Vols. With Illustrations by HERBERT GANDY.

THE YOUNG STEPMOTHER, or, a Chronicle of Mistakes. With Illustrations by MARIAN HUXLEY.

THE CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY. With Illustrations by ADRIAN STOKES.

THE THREE BRIDES. With Illustrations by ADRIAN STOKES.

MY YOUNG ALCIDES. A Faded Photograph. With Illustrations by ADRIAN STOKES

THE CAGED LION. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; or, the White and Black Ribaumont. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

LADY HESTER; or, Ursula's Narrative; and THE DANVERS PAPERS. With Illustrations by JANE E. COOK.

MAGNUM BONUM; or, Mother Carey's Brood. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

LOVE AND LIFE, an Old Story in Eighteenth Century Costume. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

UNKNOWN TO HISTORY. A Story of the Captivity of Mary of Scotland. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

STRAY PEARLS. Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont, Viscountess of Bellaise. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

THE NOVELS AND TALES OF CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

THE ARMOURER'S 'PRENTICES. With Illustrations by
W. J. HENNESSY.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD With Illustrations by
W. J. HENNESSY.

NUTTIE'S FATHER. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS, or, Eighteen Months at
Beechcroft With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY

CHANTRY HOUSE. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

A MODERN TELEMACHUS. With Illustrations by W.
HENNESSY

BYWORDS. A collection of Tales new and old.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE

MORE BYWORDS.

A REPUTED CHANGELING, or, Three Seventh Years Two
Centuries Ago.

THE LITTLE DUKE, RICHARD THE FEARLESS. With
Illustrations.

THE LANCES OF LYNWOOD With Illustrations by J. B.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE. A Story of the Last Crusade.
With Illustrations by ADRIAN STOKES.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES. With Illustrations by
W. J. HENNESSY.

THAT STICK.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK IN A HAMPSHIRE
VILLAGE.

GRISLY GRISELL; or, The Laidly Lady of Whitburn. A Tale
of the Wars of the Roses.

HENRIETTA'S WISH Second Edition

THE LONG VACATION

THE RELEASE; or, Caroline's French Kindred.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE BEN BERIAH.

THE TWO GUARDIANS; or, Home in this World. Second
Edition.

COUNTESS KATE AND THE STOKESLEY SECRET.

MODERN BROODS; or, Developments Unlooked for.

STROLLING PLAYERS: A Harmony of Contrasts. By C. M.
YONCE and C. R. COLFRIDGE

Works by Mrs. Craik

Olive: A Novel. With Illustrations by G. BOWFRS.

The Ogilvies: A Novel. With Illustrations.

Agatha's Husband: A Novel. With Illustrations by
WALTER CRANE.

The Head of the Family: A Novel. With Illustrations
by WALTER CRANE.

Two Marriages.

The Laurel Bush.

My Mother and I: a Girl's Love Story. With Illustrations

Miss Tommy: a Mediaeval Romance.

King Arthur: Not a Love Story.

About Money, and other Things.

Concerning Men, and other Papers.

Works by Mrs. Oliphant

Neighbours on the Green.

Joyce.

Kirsteen: the Story of a Scotch Family Seventy Years Ago.

A Beleaguered City: A Story of the Seen and the Unseen.

Hester: a Story of Contemporary Life.

He that Will Not when He May.

The Railway Man and his Children.

The Marriage of Elinor.

Sir Tom.

The Heir-Presumptive and the Heir-Apparent.

A Country Gentleman and his Family.

A Son of the Soil.

The Second Son.

The Wizard's Son: A Novel.

The Curate in Charge.

Lady William. **Young Musgrave.**

The Works of Dean Farrar

SEEKERS AFTER GOD. The Lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius
ETERNAL HOPE. Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey.
THE FALL OF MAN and other Sermons
THE WITNESS OF HISTORY TO CHRIST
THE SILENCE AND VOICES OF GOD, with other Sermons.
"IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH" Sermons on Practical Subjects,
SAINTLY WORKERS Five Lenten Lectures.
EPIPHATHA; or, the Amelioration of the World
MERCY AND JUDGMENT a few last words on Christian Eschatology.
SERMONS & ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN AMERICA.

THE WORKS OF Frederick Denison Maurice

SERMONS PREACHED IN LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.
In six vols.
SERMONS PREACHED IN COUNTRY CHURCHES
CHRISTMAS DAY. and other Sermons
THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.
THE PROPHETS AND KINGS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.
THE PATRIARCHS AND LAWGIVERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT
THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.
THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.
THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN.
THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS: and other Lectures.
THE PRAYER BOOK AND LORD'S PRAYER.
THE DOCTRINE OF SACRIFICE. Deduced from the Scriptures.
THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.
THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST; or, Hints to a Quaker respecting the Principles, Constitution, and Ordinances of the Catholic Church 2 vols.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY

WESTWARD HO!

HYPATIA; or, New Foes with an old Face.

TWO YEARS AGO.

ALTON LOCKE, Tailor and Poet An Autobiography.

HEREWARD THE WAKE, "Last of the English."

YEAST. A Problem

POEMS · including The Saint's Tragedy, Andromeda, Songs Ballads, etc.

THE WATER-BABIES A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby. With Illustrations by LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

THE HEROES ; or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children. With Illustrations by the Author

GLAUCUS , or, The Wonders of the Shore With Illustrations.

MADAME HOW AND LADY WHY , or, First Lessons in Earth Lore for Children With Illustrations.

AT LAST A Christmas in the West Indies. With Illustrations.

THE HERMITS

HISTORICAL LECTURES AND ESSAYS

PLAYS AND PURITANS, and other Historical Essays.

THE ROMAN AND THE TEUTON.

PROSE IDYLLS, New and Old.

SCIENTIFIC LECTURES AND ESSAYS.

SANITARY AND SOCIAL LECTURES AND ESSAYS.

LITERARY AND GENERAL LECTURES AND ESSAYS.

ALL SAINTS' DAY · and other Sermons.

DISCIPLINE . and other Sermons.

THE GOOD NEWS OF GOD. Sermons.

GOSPEL OF THE PENTATEUCH.

SERMONS FOR THE TIMES.

SERMONS ON NATIONAL SUBJECTS.

VILLAGE SERMONS, AND TOWN AND COUNTRY SERMONS.

THE WATER OF LIFE : and other Sermons.

WESTMINSTER SERMONS.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS

EDITED BY JOHN MORLEY.

Arranged in 13 Volumes, each containing the Lives of three Authors.

- I. Chaucer. By Dr. A. W. WARD. Spenser. By Dean CHURCH. Dryden. By Prof. SAINTSBURY.
- II. Milton. By MARK PATTISON. Goldsmith. By W. BLACK. Cowper. By GOLDWIN SMITH
- III. Byron. By Professor NICHOL. Shelley. By J. A. SYMONDS. Keats. By SIDNEY COLVIN.
- IV. Wordsworth. By F. W. H. MYERS. Southeby. By Prof. DOWDEN. Landor. By SIDNEY COLVIN.
- V. Charles Lamb. By Canon AINGER. Addison. By W. J. COURTHOPE. Swift. By Sir LESLIE STEPHEN, K.C.B
- VI. Scott. By R. H. HUTTON. Burns. By Principal SHAIRP. Coleridge. By H. D. TRAILL.
- VII. Hume. By Prof. HUXLEY, F.R.S. Locke. By THOS. FOWLER. Burke. By JOHN MORLEY.
- VIII. Defoe. By W. MINTO. Sterne. By H. D. TRAILL. Hawthorne. By HENRY JAMES.
- IX. Fielding. By AUSTIN DOESON. Thackeray. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Dickens. By Dr. A. W. WARD.
- X. Gibbon. By J. C. MORISON. Carlyle. By Professor NICHOL. Macaulay. By J. C. MORISON.
- XI. Sydney. By J. A. SYMONDS. De Quincey. By Prof. MASSON. Sheridan. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
- XII. Pope. By Sir LESLIE STEPHEN, K.C.B. Johnson. By Sir LESLIE STEPHEN, K.C.B. Gray. By EDMUND GOSSE.
- XIII. Bacon. By Dean CHURCH. Bunyan. By J. A. FROUDE. Bentley. By Sir RICHARD JEBB.

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

THE CONQUEROR
PATIENCE SPARHAWK AND HER TIMES.
AMERICAN WIVES & ENGLISH HUSBANDS.
A DAUGHTER OF THE VINE.

By J. H. SHORTHOUSE

JOHN INGLESANT: A Romance.
SIR PERCIVAL, a Story of the Past and of the Present.
THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER MARK
THE COUNTESS EVE.
A TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN
BLANCHE, LADY FALAISE.

By HUGH CONWAY

A FAMILY AFFAIR. | LIVING OR DEAD.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL

MAROONED. | A STRANGE ELOPEMENT

By Mrs. PARR

DOROTHY FOX. | LOYALTY GEORGE.
ADAM AND EVE. | ROBIN.

By ANNIE KEARY

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.
CASTLE DALY. the Story of an Irish Home thirty
years ago.
JANET'S HOME. | OLDBURY.
A DOUBTING HEART.
THE NATIONS AROUND ISRAEL.

By E. WERNER

SUCCESS, AND HOW HE WON IT.
FICKLE FORTUNE.

By W. WARDE FOWLER

A YEAR WITH THE BIRDS. Illustrated.

TALES OF THE BIRDS. Illustrated.

MORE TALES OF THE BIRDS Illustrated.

SUMMER STUDIES OF BIRDS AND BOOKS.

By FRANK BUCKLAND

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. Illustrated. In four volumes

FIRST SERIES—Rats, Serpents, Fishes, Frogs, Monkeys, etc.

SECOND SERIES—Fossils, Bears, Wolves, Cats, Eagles, Hedgehogs, Eels, Herrings, Whales.

THIRD SERIES—Wild Ducks, Fishing, Lions, Tigers, Foxes, Porpoises

FOURTH SERIES—Giants, Mummies, Mermaids, Wonderful People, Salmon, etc.

By ARCHIBALD FORBES

BARRACKS, BIVOUACS, AND BATTLES.

SOUVENIRS OF SOME CONTINENTS.

By THOMAS HUGHES

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

By MONTAGU WILLIAMS

LEAVES OF A LIFE. | LATER LEAVES.

ROUND LONDON.

By W. E. NORRIS

THIRLBY HALL.

A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER.

The Works of SHAKESPEARE

VICTORIA EDITION. In Three Volumes.

Vol. I. COMEDIES. Vol. II. HISTORIES. Vol. III. TRAGEDIES.

Works by Various Authors

- Hogan, M.P.
 Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor
 The New Antigone | Memories of Father Healy
 CANON ATKINSON —The Last of the Giant Killers
 — Walks, Talks, Travels, and Exploits of Two Schoolboys
 — Playhours and Half-Holidays; or, further Experiences
 of Two Schoolboys
 SIR S. BAKER.—True Tales for my Grandsons
 R. H. BARHAM.—The Ingoldsby Legends
 REV. R. H. D BARHAM —Life of R. H. Barham
 — Life of Theodore Hook [land
 BLENNERHASSET AND SLEEMAN.—Adventures in Mashona-
 SIR H. LYTTON BULWER —Historical Characters
 SIR H M. DURAND.—Helen Treveryan
 LANOE FALCONER.—Cecilia de Noel
 W. FORBES MITCHELL.—Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny
 W. P. FRITH, R.A.—My Autobiography
 REV. J. GILMORE.—Storm Warriors
 F. GUIZOT —Life of Oliver Cromwell
 CUTCLIFFE HYNE.—The "Paradise" Coal-Boat
 RICHARD JEFFERIES.—The Dewy Morn
 MARY LINSKILL.—Tales of the North Riding
 S. R. LYSAGHT.—The Marplot
 M. M'LENNAN.—Muckle Jock, and other Stories
 LUCAS MALET.—Mrs. Lorimer
 G. MASSON —A Compendious Dictionary of the French
 Language
 F. A. MIGNET.—Life of Mary Queen of Scots
 MAJOR GAMBIER PARRY.—The Story of Dick
 E. C PRICE.—In the Lion's Mouth
 LORD REDESDALE.—Tales of Old Japan
 W. C. RHOADES.—John Trevannick
 CAMILLE ROUSSET.—Recollections of Marshal Macdonald
 HAWLEY SMART.—Breezie Langton
 MARCHESA THEODOLI.—Under Pressure
 ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—The Three Clerks
 MRS HUMPHRY WARD.—Miss Bretherton
 CHARLES WHITEHEAD.—Richard Savage

THE GLOBE LIBRARY

Crown 8vo 3s. 6d. each

The volumes marked with an asterisk () are also issued in limp leather,
with full gilt back and gilt edges. 5s. net each.*

- ***Boswell's Life of Johnson.** With an Introduction by MOWBRAY MORRIS.
- ***Burns's Complete Works.** Edited from the best Printed and MS. Authorities, with Memoir and Glossarial Index. By A. SMITH.
- ***The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.** Edited by ALFRED W POLLARD, H. F. HEATH, M. H. LIDDELL, and W. S. McCORMICK.
- ***Cowper's Poetical Works.** Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes by W. BENHAM, B D
- Robinson Crusoe.** Edited after the original Edition, with a Biographical Introduction by HENRY KINGSLEY, F.R.G.S.
- ***Dryden's Poetical Works.** Edited, with a Memoir, Revised Texts, and Notes, by W D. CHRISTIE, M.A
- Froissart's Chronicles.** Translated by Lord BERNERS. Edited by G. C MACAULAY, M.A
- ***Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works.** With Biographical Introduction by Professor MASSON.
- Horace.** Rendered into English Prose, with Introduction, Running Analysis, Notes, and Index By J LONSDALE, M.A., and S. LEE, M.A
- Morte D'Arthur.** The Book of King Arthur, and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table The Original Edition of Caxton, revised for modern use. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By Sir E STRACHEY.
- ***Milton's Poetical Works.** Edited, with Introduction, by Professor MASSON.
- ***The Diary of Samuel Pepys.** With an Introduction and Notes by G. GREGORY SMITH.
- ***Pope's Poetical Works.** Edited, with Notes and Introductory Memoir, by Dr A. W. WARD.
- ***Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works.** Edited, with Biographical and Critical Memoir, by Prof. F. T. PALGRAVE. With Introduction and Notes.
- ***Shakespeare's Complete Works.** Edited by W. G. CLARK, M.A., and W ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A. With Glossary
- ***Spenser's Complete Works.** Edited from the Original Editions and Manuscripts, with Glossary, by R. MORRIS, and a Memoir by J. W. HALES, M.A. [edges 4s. 6d.]
- ***Tennyson's Poetical Works.** [Also in extra cloth, gilt
- Virgil.** Rendered into English Prose, with Introductions, Notes, Analysis, and Index. By J LONSDALE, M.. A., and S LEE, M. A.

ILLUSTRATED STANDARD NOVELS

Crown 8vo. Cloth Elegant, gilt edges (Peacock Edition).
 3s. 6d. each

Also issued in ornamental cloth binding. 2s. 6d. each.

By JANE AUSTEN

With Introductions by AUSTIN DOBSON, and Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON and C. E. BROCK.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.	MANSFIELD PARK.
SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.	NORTHANGER ABBEY,
EMMA.	AND PERSUASION.

By J. FENIMORE COOPER

With Illustrations by C. E. BROCK and H. M. BROCK.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. With a General Introduction by Mowbray Morris.	
THE DEERSLAVER.	THE PIONEERS.
THE PATHFINDER.	THE PRAIRIE.

By MARIA EDGEWORTH

With Introductions by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, and Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND and CARL SCHLOESSER.

ORMOND.	HELEN.
CASTLE RACKRENT, AND	BELINDA.
THE ABSENTEE.	PARENT'S ASSISTANT.
POPULAR TALES.	

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT

With Introductions by DAVID HANNAY, and Illustrations by H. M. BROCK, J. AYTON SYMINGTON, FRED PEGRAM, F. H. TOWNSEND, H. R. MILLAR, and E. J. SULLIVAN.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.	JACOB FAITHFUL.
	PETER SIMPLE.

ILLUSTRATED STANDARD NOVELS

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT—*continued.*

MIDSHIPMAN EASY.
THE KING'S OWN.
THE PHANTOM SHIP.
SNARLEY-YOW.
POOR JACK.

THE PIRATE, AND THE
THREE CUTTERS.
MASTERMAN READY.
FRANK MILDMAY.
NEWTON FORSTER.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

*With Introductions by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, and Illustrations
by H. R. MILLAR and F. H. TOWNSEND.*

HEADLONG HALL, AND
NIGHTMARE ABBEY
MAID MARIAN, AND
CROTCHET CASTLE.

GRYLL GRANGE.
MELINCOURT.
MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN
AND RHODODAPHNE.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

WESTWARD HO! By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated
by C. E. Brock.

HANDY ANDY. By SAMUEL LOVER. Illustrated by
H M Brock. With Introduction by Charles Whibley.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. By MICHAEL SCOTT Illus-
trated by J Ayton Symington. With Introduction by Mow-
bray Mortis.

ANNALS OF THE PARISH. By JOHN GALT. Illustrated
By C. E Brock. With Introduction by Alfred Ainger.

SYBIL, OR THE TWO NATIONS, ETC. By BENJAMIN
DISRAELI. Illustrated by F. Pegram. With Introduction by
H. D. Traill.

LAVENGRO. By GEORGE BORROW. Illustrated by
E. J. Sullivan. With Introduction by Augustine Birrell, K.C.

ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN. By JAMES
MORIER Illustrated by H. R. Millar. With Introduction by
Lord Curzon.

THE NEW CRANFORD SERIES

Crown 8vo, Cloth Elegant, Gilt Edges, 3s. 6d. per volume.

Cranford. By Mrs. GASKELL. With Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie and 100 Illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

The Vicar of Wakefield. With 182 Illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and Preface by Austin Dobson.

Our Village. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, and 100 Illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

Gulliver's Travels. With Introduction by Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., and 100 Illustrations by C. E. Brock.

The Humorous Poems of Thomas Hood. With Preface by Alfred Ainger, and 130 Illustrations by C. E. Brock.

Sheridan's The School for Scandal and The Rivals. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. With Introduction by A. Birrell.

Household Stories. By the Brothers GRIMM. Translated by Lucy Crane. With Pictures by Walter Crane.

Reynard the Fox. Edited by J. JACOBS. With Illustrations by W. Frank Calderon.

Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. By W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM. With Illustrations by H. Railton and Hugh Thomson.

Coridon's Song; and other Verses. With Introduction by Austin Dobson and Illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

Days with Sir Roger de Coverley. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

The Fables of Æsop. Selected by JOSEPH JACOBS. Illustrated by R. Heightway.

Old Christmas. By WASHINGTON IRVING. With Illustrations by R. Caldecott.

Bracebridge Hall. With Illustrations by R. CALDECOTT.

Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. With 50 Illustrations and a Preface by George H. Boughton, A.R.A.

The Alhambra. With Illustrations by J. Pennell and Introduction by E. R. Pennell.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

